THE BYSTANDER
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The Bystander, October 9, 1934

No. 1608. Vol. CXXIV.

# The BYSTANDER

## Pat Paterson

### The Hollywood Star From Bradford

*Pat Paterson has had one of those meteoric careers in Hollywood that novels are written about. She became a Fox star practically overnight from Bradford, where she was born, and found time, too, to get married to the French star, Charles Boyer, with whom she was featured in "By Royal Command." Her first American film was "Bottoms Up," with Spencer Tracy, which was shown at the Capitol the other day. In a new Schubert film called "Serenade," she has been chosen to play Valerie to Nils Asther's Schubert, and she has also got the part of Evangeline in the film version of James Laver's "Nymph Errant." In fact, Pat Paterson is one of Bradford's most successful products*

# Opening Night at the Embassy

## Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

*Mrs Peter Thursby*

*Mrs. Peter Thursby has always been an Embassy Club regular, and was there on the opening night with her husband and the Sacheverell Sitwells. She was wearing a white dress trimmed with diamanté*

*Lord Castlerosse and Lady Ravensdale*

*Lady Ravensdale was wearing her favourite black, with a chaplet of white flowers on her dark hair. Lord Castlerosse, having given utterance to one of his mots, lights a cigar and prepares for his next sally*

*Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell*

*Portrait of a poet having a gay social evening. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's face so seldom appears on the pages of low-brow journals that his visit to the Embassy when this sketch was made constitutes a great occasion*

*Mr. Peter Thursby and Mrs Sacheverell Sitwell*

*The other two members of the Sitwell-Thursby quartette at the Embassy re-opening. Mrs. Sitwell was Miss "Babs" Doble, and is Frances Doble's sister. She and her husband have a house in Northamptonshire*

# Balletomanes

## The First Night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Season

*Mr. James Laver, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Ronald Balfour were three of the very distinguished audience that went to Sadler's Wells for the opening night of the ballet season*

*Left: Mrs. Benn Levy (Constance Cummings) and Miss Lilian Baylis, the manager of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells*

*Baron Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, who is usually to be found where music or ballet is going on, is with Mrs. Mary Booker*

*Left: Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli talking to Lady Earle, Sir Lionel Earle's wife, and Mme. Riotteau*

*Left: Mr. Benn Levy, the playwright, was at the Wells with his attractive film-star wife*

*Right: Mrs. Constant Lambert and Mr. Anthony. Constant Lambert conducted the two slighter pieces, "Fête Polonaise" and "Les Rendezvous," and Geoffrey Toye conducted his own ballet, "The Haunted Ballroom," which was the chief ballet in the programme, and which was received with the greatest favour, both by the audience and by the critics*

# ROUND ABOUT . . .

*Wedding of a Guardsman—*

*Above: Mr. Arthur Charles Huntington, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Aline Ellice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellice, of Ewhurst Manor, Horsham, outside the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks*

*Right: Mr. Edward Colville, Gordon Highlanders, son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley and Lady Adelaide Colville, and Miss Barbara Denny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. M. Denny, of Staplefield Place, were married at St. Mark's, Staplefield*

*—And a Gordon Highlander*

*A Queen Plants a Tree*

*Queen Marie of Rumania, who has been staying with Lord and Lady Derwent, at Hackness Hall, near Scarborough, planted a cherry-tree in the garden to commemorate her visit. Lady Derwent is herself a Rumanian, daughter of General D. Ilescu, formerly Chief of General Staff in the Rumanian Army*

*Lord Nuffield Drinks Some English Water*

*Lord Nuffield (centre), the president of the League of Industry Conference at Malvern, drinks some of the famous waters. With him are Mr. Frank Hodges, deputy chairman, and Miss Irene McCarthy*

*Cub-Hunting with the Portman*

*Colonel and Mrs. W. H. F. Kelly and their daughter, Betty Kelly, out with the Portman after their meet at Shroton Fair. Hambledon Hill, round which lie the coverts drawn, makes a fine grandstand for the foot brigade*

## London Nights

*Swaebe*

*Top : the Princess of Kapurthala, Mr. Sidney Beer, and Lady Sibell Lygon at the Dorchester Midnight Follies' opening night. Below : Mrs. I. M. Sieff and Lord Scarsdale at the Café de Paris*

## The Fermoy Christening

*Lord Fermoy, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. J. F. Marks, a godmother, Lady Fermoy, and the baby, in her nurse's arms, outside the Crypt of the House of Commons, where the christening took place. The Queen was godmother to Mary Cynthia as Lord and Lady Fermoy's daughter has been called. She is their first child*

## Lili Damita

*Right : A new picture of Lili Damita, whose engagement to Mr. Hugo Brassey was definitely announced the other day. She is working in the new Jack Buchanan film, " Brewster's Millions "*

## Michaelmas Party

*Earl Russell, Augustus John and his daughter, Miss Vivienne John, were at the Old Mill Club's Michaelmas party at the twelfth-century Mill House, Wilts. With them are Mrs. Kinnear, Nigel Stedham, and Mrs. Fox-Pitt*

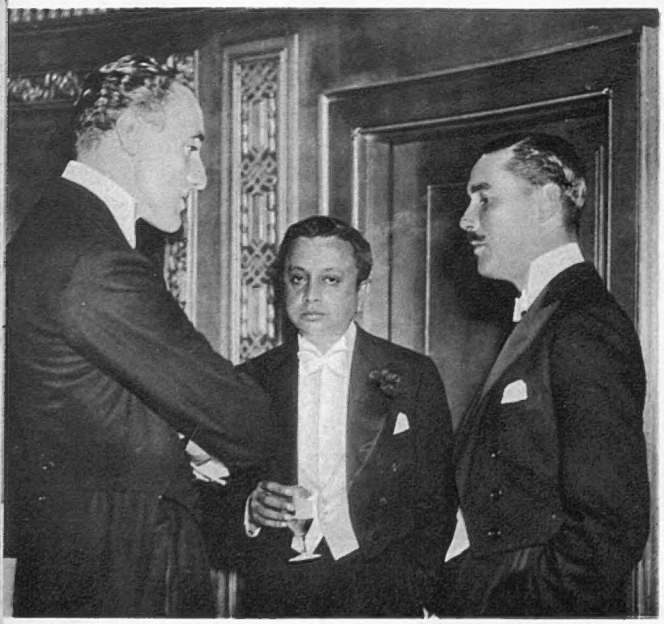
*Mr. Rodney Stone, Mrs. Rosselyn, and Captain and Mrs. Gordon Halsey on their way in to supper The latest batch of Dorchester "Girls" were given a try-out for the benefit of the experts of Punch's Club before their official opening the next night*

*Above: Miss Margot Hamblin, Mr. Dennis Anthony Bradley, and Miss Carmen Cory were in a party together*

*Left: Mrs. George Duller and Mrs. Woolf Barnato were two of the crowd of members that went to the party*

# Punch's Party

## A Birthday Celebration at Dorchester House



*The group above includes Lord Mornington, Prince Sevelode of Russia, the Profuno sisters, and Miss Jeanne Stourton*

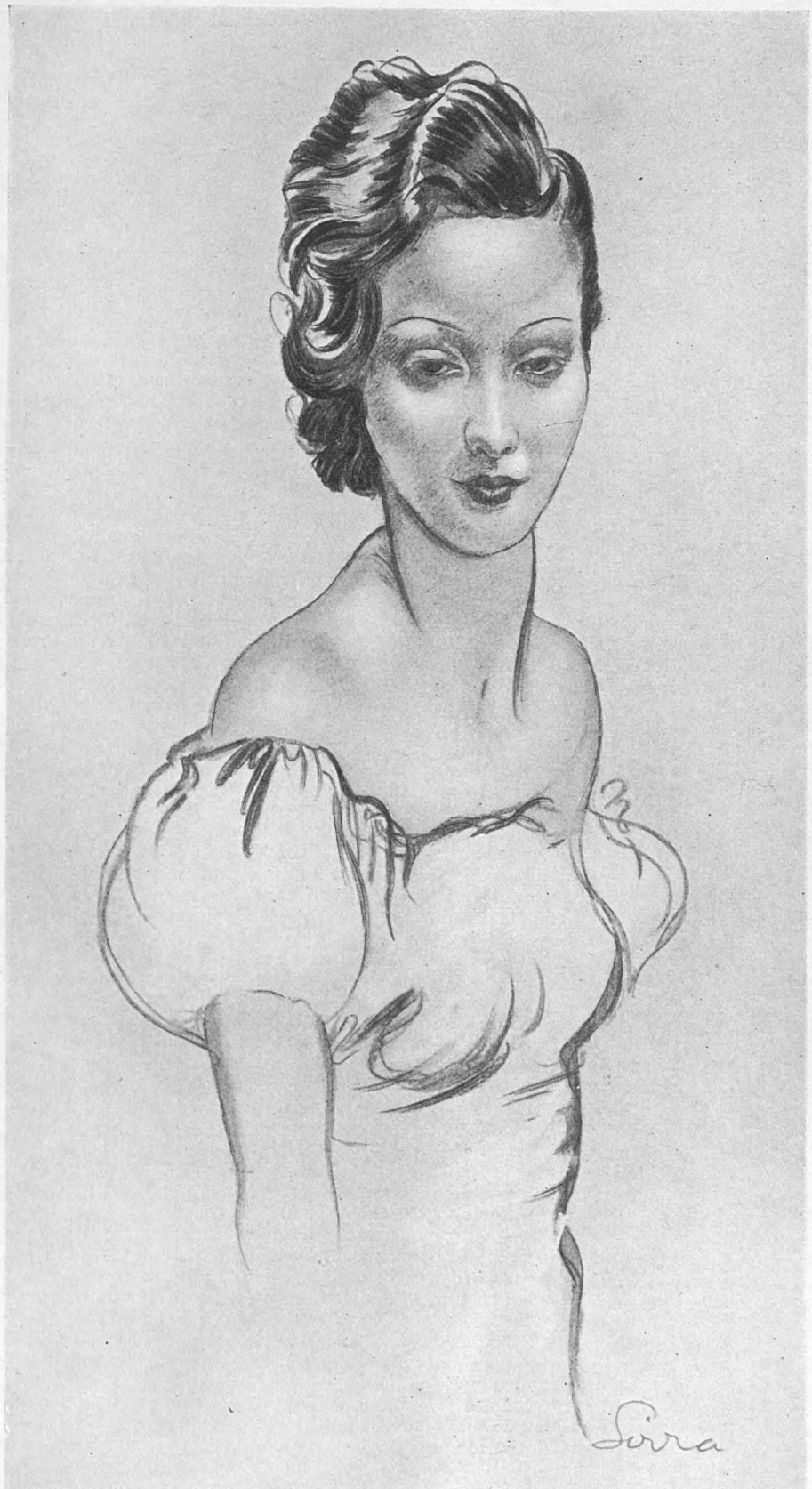
*The three young men on the left are Mr. Terry Weldon, the Maharaja of Rajpipla, and Captain John Drury Lowe*

*Right: Lord Poulett, Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Poulett, and Capt. Ingram*

# CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

## No. 71. Merle Oberon

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra




WE first met at one of Anthony Bradley's crowded cocktail-parties. In those days her name was Estelle Thompson. She leant against the wall nearest the door, with those heavy-lidded eyes staring impenetrably ahead and then politely focussing when I came into range. She never said a word. But that is a secret that even "Daddy" Korda has not yet discovered, or, at least, has not yet fully exploited. Merle's silences are sensational. André Maurois ought to do a sequel to his Colonel Bramble. She can look bang into the camera better than anyone except Marlene Dietrich. Her eyes are laden with suspense. She looks as though the fate of empires depends on her considered whim. Really, she is wondering whether the laundry has come. But who cares, if he doesn't know?

MERLE OBERON, formerly Merle Auberon, formerly Estelle Thompson, was born in Tasmania, went to Calcutta, worked as a typist in her uncle's office, came to London with him when he got leave, and then starved quite a bit (seriously, I mean) when she refused to use the return half of the ticket. A job as a hostess at the Café de Paris followed—two pounds a week and dinner. Oh, what that first dinner meant to a hungry girl! After all, she wasn't yet eighteen. To-day she is eight stone, five-foot-two, takes threes, has a flat in Gloucester Place, and a swell contract with three years to run (when it will be followed by an even better one).

MERLE is the only English actress who, on becoming a star, has not once started to behave as though she had married a title. She is an unaffected girl, despite the two halves of her character—Occidental and Oriental. She has fluttering, nervous hands with very long finger-nails. She has a sad smile, which unaccountably turns into a flashing laugh, with the corners of the mouth drawn back, showing dazzling teeth. She looks best in black or white—particularly white pyjamas. Her first picture was *Aren't We All?* She had one line, and I fancy it was cut out. But "Daddy" Korda saw her lunching in the studio buffet (Merle is an impressive luncher), reacted favourably to her striking features, and put her into *Wedding Rehearsal*. And so, by easy stages, to *Henry the Eighth, Don Juan*, and now *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

Her engagement to Joseph Schenck? The bunk. I was at Monte Carlo when it happened. Joe just exploited her proximity to have something to tell the ship's reporters on his arrival in New York, the week following . . .

C

*The New Cocktail Bar*

# THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

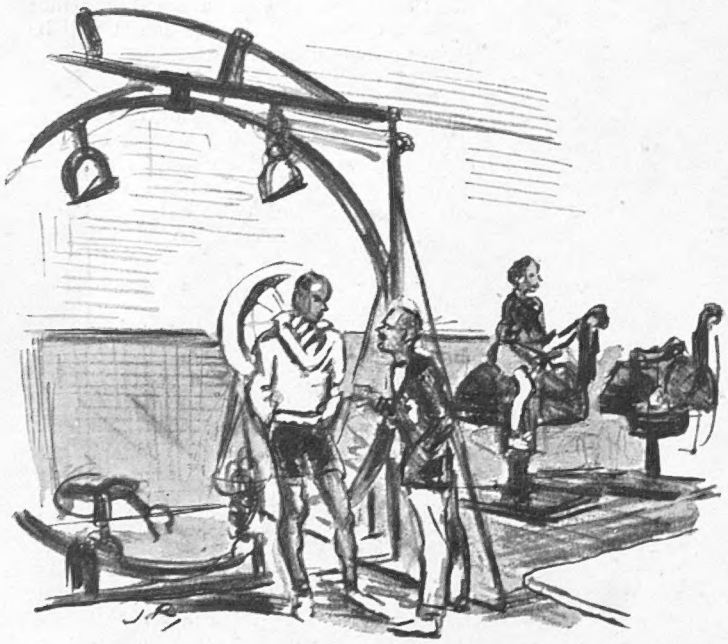
## Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

## No. 15. THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

By Charles Graves

I SUPPOSE it is largely a question of laziness—not taking your name off other clubs, if you belong to that poly-syllabic place, the International Sportsmen's Club. After all, in this one spot you get your squash, your food, your bar, a hundred bedrooms, your swimming-pool, your gymnasium, your telephone calls, and your cheque-cashing. What else can you need? You also get, if you want it, a lot of very charming company.

Goodness knows how many romances have started on the sofas of the I.S.C. That sounds improper. What I mean is that whereas the little back room of the Berkeley Restaurant used to be the place where budding couples held hands under the table, to-day the spot where people take a good view of each other is in the comfortably upholstered drawing-room (or whatever you call it) at the International Sportsmen's Club. Ask Lord Selby. Ask Lord Bridport. Ask the former Miss Livingston-Learmonth. Ask lots of people. Nor is it surprising. It is the only club in London where men and maidens and married women are all on the same footing. True, various men's clubs have annexes. Women's clubs have the same kind of arrangement. But there is always rather a feeling of silent sufferance (if not suffering) on the faces of the club servants when you invade your girl friend's headquarters or she invades yours.



*In the Gymnasium*

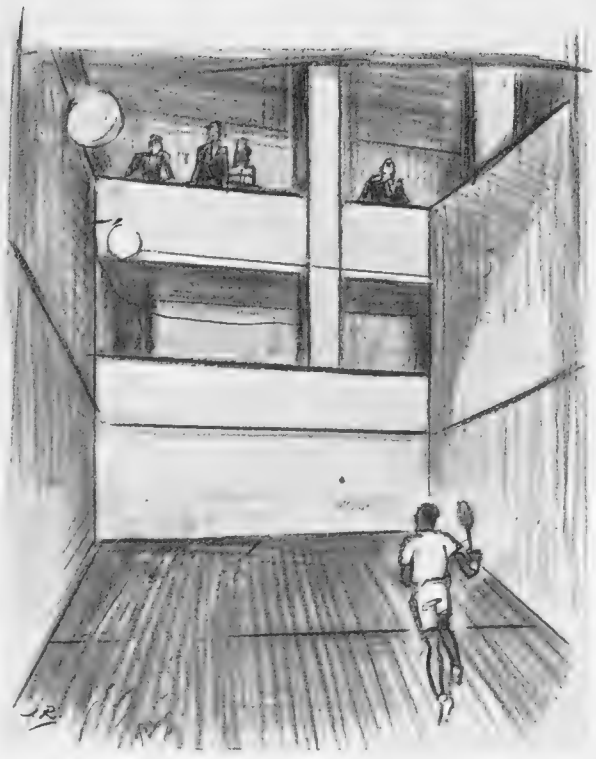
*The Vita-Wheel and the Electric Horses*

THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S CLUB (if only they would call it The Grosvenor, and save time!) is one of the few that are in no fear of places like Punch's or Nash's, which have hit other clubs so hard. It has over two thousand members, an unusually high percentage of whom use the club regularly. When a club dies it is because the members only use it to cash cheques. There is no danger of that here. And, what 's more, you never know whom you are going to meet next. Jim Mollison may ask you to a gin and tonic at the bar. Lady Isabel Wodehouse may draw you a horse in the club sweep. Lady Henry Grosvenor may pass you in the swing-doors of the drawing-room. Derek Adams may wipe the floor with you in the squash court, and when you retire, dripping, to the swimming-pool, Lady Alington may surge past you. I know. I 've been a member since the club started. That was in 1929.

THE original idea of the club is evident from its name, though the adjective " International " might, in those days, well have been Anglo-American. Even to-day there are numbers of Americans who are members, like Dick Mellon, whom one associates with the Grand National, and Joseph Thomas, Louis Stoddard and Plunket Stewart, who are on the advisory committee when Americans are up for election. This international flavour is not, perhaps, so marked to-day as it was when the club was founded in 1929, and the various exchanges of the world were different from those of 1934.

Yet Carl von Weinberg, with his lovely property in Frankfort (private polo grounds, golf-course, and all), is still a member, likewise the Marquis de Villavieja, who has always been such

a friend of Don Alfonso, Count Francis Hunyady, Prince Kinsky, and practically all the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers in London. What I always think is a great compliment to the club is the regular way in which it has always been used by Lady Sackville and Marjorie Lady Warwick. Both have been accustomed, like Lord Fitzwilliam (another member), to the stateliest homes in England, and yet they seem to be as much in Upper Grosvenor Street as they are anywhere else.



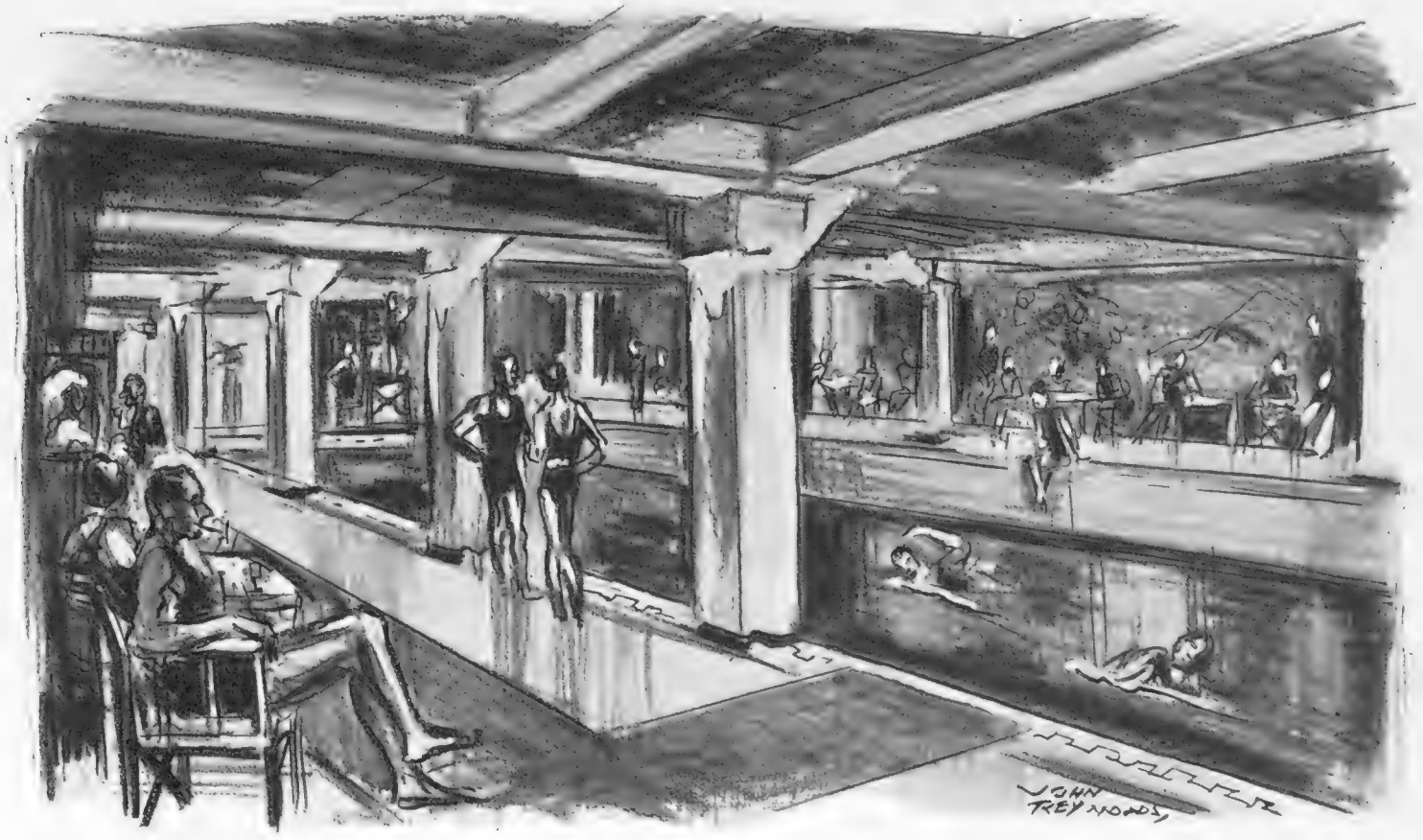
*One of the Four Squash Courts*

WHAT is pleasant about the I.S.C. is the variety of members. You have trainers, like Victor Gilpin, Dowager Duchesses, like her Grace of Beaufort, pretty flying-girls, like Fidelia Crossley, tunny-fishers, like Lady Broughton and Colonel Peel (who holds the present record); hunting people, like Gerald Portman, field-Master of the Portman, and Colonel Sam Ashton, that handsome Meltonian who used to command the Life Guards; squash-racket players, like Jack Lysaght, Amr Bey, and Mrs. Pittman; racing folk, like Bob Everett and Mrs. Ambrose Clarke; cricketers, like Ian Peebles (who practically lives in the club), and big railwaymen, like E. W. Beatty, the head of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who wears his hat on one side of his head and is a close friend of the Prince of Wales. Why, even the Princess Royal is a member—a very rare distinction. Other staunch supporters are Lord Londonderry and Lord Tweeddale, who take a personal interest in the welfare of the club.

THE new secretary is Colonel Snow, who has been Comptroller to the Household of the last three Governors-General of Canada. After a brief interlude, Captan Gill again became sports manager. There are also Smith, the hall porter, Featherston (late 10th Hussars), who takes care of you in the changing rooms, and Keeble, the pro., who will lay you low in the squash court if your partner fails to turn up.

I'VE said nothing about the apple-green restaurant, the virgin-white grill-room, or the charming though ineptly-named snack-bar, which is rapidly becoming the recognised rendezvous at six p.m. for people who are bored with cocktail-parties.

But it seems to me to be a first-class club, with certain advantages that no others have. It is a pity that they don't put a billiards-table into the now dismally unused smoking-room—perhaps with an additional bar, too, as at White's. At present this admirable room is an entire waste of space, even though it mutely testifies to the fact that the male members can still escape from the women, just as the women can in the adjoining and elegant little drawing-room which they have to themselves. In conclusion, and though, as I say, I have been a member for five years, I have never discovered a card-room. No doubt there is one. But whether or not it is used to any extent is also a matter for conjecture.




*The Swimming-Pool at Cocktail Time*

*Second Thoughts on First Nights*

*Top: a little Spanish dancing at the Hippodrome, introducing Heavy-weight Pansy (Vera Pearce) and Fly-weight Bill (Bobby Howes). Top right: Mr. Peabody (Wylie Watson), who became "King Button" for a year. Above: Sally Ganthony (Binnie Hale) with the lithe and lissom legs*

# Funny Lines and Streamlines

*Sketches by Rouson*

***"Yes, Madam?" (London Hippodrome)***

THIS musical comedy differs from the great majority in that it possesses a plot, and one which is not discarded as time passes. On occasions I can remember being only too thankful when a musical-comedy plot *has* been lost sight of in a welter of disconnected songs, dances, and interpolated scenes. The story woven into *Yes, Madam?* however, is a genuinely amusing one founded on K. R. G. Browne's novel, and he, in collaboration with the old firm of Lee and Weston, has made it into a play which would be good entertainment without extraneous trimmings. But, somehow or other, these necessary musical-comedy trimmings are cleverly woven into the main theme at the Hippodrome, and it is something of a novelty to find them carrying on, rather than retarding, the action in a Gilbert and Sullivan manner.

I dare say you can remember musical shows in which, when the principals leave the stage, the temperature of enjoyment drops from fever point to well below normal, but at the Hippodrome this never occurs, because even when the humour of Bobby Howes and the alert cleverness of Binnie Hale are not being exploited, there are others, as clever in their own way, to keep the pot a-boiling. There is the quaint inanity of Billy Leonard; the majestic mien of Bertha Belmore, sometimes kicking over the traces; the unforced Lancastrian humour of Wylie Watson, not to mention the Juno-esque figure of Vera Pearce, off whom all the other characters bump in a shattered state, and who would make an ideal Apollo should Eric Linklater's strong-woman ever appear on the stage.

Add to these clever folk a chorus of charm and intelligence who become, on occasions, a Greek chorus in explaining the plot, and throw in, as a very necessary addition to the compôte, some catchy music by Jack Waller and Joseph Tunbridge, and it will be surprising if the playgoing public don't say, "This is a show we really must see."

*Yes, Madam?* is quite one of the best and most entertaining musical comedies I have ever seen, and there is not a dull moment in it from start to finish.

***"Streamline" (Palace Theatre)***

HERE is another show which will draw the town, though I doubt whether it will be quite the same quarter of the town as will go to the Hippodrome. *Streamline* is a most expensive production which wafts the scent of sophistication over the footlights. It is extremely beautiful, when beauty is sought, and the eye of an expert has evidently supervised everything. As for the dancing,

*A succession of pictures of Victorian sentimentality and modern speed at the Palace. Tilly Losch and Charles Heslop in a postal interlude. Right: Florence Desmond as Perseverance, a virtuous fish-girl*

once again this is the high-spot in a Cochran revue. Never have I seen the poetry of motion more perfectly expressed than by Jack Holland and June Hart. Their art is of the ball-room type combined with the acrobatic, but unlike some couples, the acrobatic never appears out of place, but seems to emerge naturally from less sensational steps. A wonderful pair.

Then we have Tilly Losch, who struck me as being at her best in a scene entitled *The Letter*, which was as graceful as it was effective; while Sherkot provides eccentricity, and La Jana something from Seville or thereabouts.

With such authors as A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans providing the book, one naturally looks for something more than trivial sketches of the kind which rely only on the last line to get a laugh, and in *Streamline* some of them verge on the elaborate. In "The Private Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," for instance, there is spectacle in the several scenes provided to stress the point that the film folk are apt to take liberties with history.

"EVE-OLUTION" is another elaborate sketch, with any number of scenes used to suggest that the more clothes chorus girls take off the more moral they become. If there is truth underlying this idea—as I believe there may be—one can leave the theatre assured that Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies at the Palace would fitly fill posts as schoolmarms at a strait-laced seminary.

BUT perhaps the most ambitious scene of all is that in which A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis (who provides the music for this revue) have laid irreverent hands upon the almost sacred Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and in "Perseverance" (by Turbot and Vulligan), "potted" in the Pélissier manner, the type of entertainment which an older generation—and, maybe, the present—delighted in.

In addition, the authors have evolved a book and lyrics which give chances to other than dancers and singers, and allow Florence Desmond to reveal many facets of her versatile talent. She is an artist who appears to have been born to shine in revue. One of the hits of the evening is her impersonation of Miss Gladys Potts at the microphone telling the world about her flight to the North Pole and back, complete with baby. This is satire at its very best, and it is on satire rather than humour that the authors rely.

Naunton Wayne, no longer a compère, but an excellent player of many parts, Charles Heslop and Nora Howard are others in the cast who serve both authors and public well; while as for the chorus, they are the "young ladies" at their best—and most visible. The one thing lacking in the hard brilliance of this revue is fun.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

*Above: Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. The last word in modern chorus costume, and Sherkot, the world's worst goalkeeper, all on view at the Palace Theatre*

# Music at Night

## A Prelude to Winter . . .

By Mirón

MUSIC will be enjoyed this autumn at parties where the audience is not the less musical because it is social and made up of well-travelled people who have possibly spent part of the summer in Munich and Salzburg, an audience more critical and better informed than will be found at the "Proms," where everything is cheered, with complete lack of discrimination. Such audiences are dangerous . . . but, fortunately, are never seen except at the "Proms," which they doubtless mistake for a sporting event—the Henry Wood Cup Final. Surfeited with slow-motion Wagner, they now attend to fast "Soccer" . . .

SOME of the best music in the world was written to please eighteenth-century "hofs," or Courts, audiences certainly aristocratic and social, like those assemblies dazzled by Mozart in the rococo palaces of Vienna and the opera house in Prague. Much of this music is best heard in intimate surroundings, even if the modern music-hostess rather overdoes the intimacy by packing us in like sardines and then closing the doors, her idea being that the musical will be silent and happy within and the others will be talkative and happy without.

Music is taken far more seriously in the "monde" than a generation ago; for one thing, the young-marrieds and débutantes have many of them studied or "finished" in Vienna or Munich. The old-time music-party was given by a hostess for her "seconds," acquaintances below ball-standard, old and moustached dowagers, nodding on gilded chairs and later lined up against a barren buffet—no expensive dance supper for them. To-day, music-parties are young and gay, and the music-hostess, that former figure of fun, is herself a musician . . .

WE live in times when, for economic reasons, all expensive enterprises are syndicated, from shooting-parties to the demi-monde—and music is no exception. The greatest lions in the world are found and secured during the summer recess by Miss Olga Lynn, who organises music in that vague region of "Mayfair" that stretches from Lady Oxford in Bedford Square to Lady Colefax in further Chelsea. Miss Lynn produces her noble exhibits at the Aeolus parties in our grandest houses. She will be seen and heard silencing the remoter corridors of Londonderry House on the night of the Royal Wedding, when Hoffman, the last pupil of the great Rubenstein, will play. They will sow the chairs thickly in the gold saloon, and among the distinguished members we shall expect to see Lady Cholmondeley, Sir Philip Sassoon's sister, who is not only lovely to look at but a fine pianist, able to play à quatre mains with Horowitz. Lady Diana Abdy, one of Lady Bradford's lovely daughters, will be there, typical of the young set who enjoy music. Mrs. Emile Mond, who asks us to hear such "divine" singers as Lotte Lehmann, is a music-hostess who will be present, as well as, almost certainly, such music enthusiasts as Lord Gerald Wellesley, Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord Monteagle, and Lord Glentanar . . .

On December 7th, Piatigorsky and Orloff will play 'cello sonatas in Lady Allendale's fine house, next to the Duchess of York's. The 'cello is very fashionable of late—it used to empty drawing-rooms. On January 24th, Horowitz, one of the "rages" of the time, will play in one of London's longest drawing-rooms, at the Czecho-Slovak Legation in Grosvenor Place, lent by the young and popular Minister, Mons. Masaryk, himself the best pianist among the diplomats . . .

*Sir Thomas Beecham*

*A drawing of the most witty of conductors, whose bons mots are repeated with glee in all Mayfair's musical drawing-rooms. He is conducting nine of the twelve Royal Philharmonic Society's concerts this winter*

FOR fifteen years one of the best-known London drawing-rooms has been that wonderful Sert room in old-gold lacquer at Kent House, with Mrs. Saxton Noble, herself a fine Bach pianist, entertaining a number, but never too many, to music. It has definitely the best acoustics of any room in town. Lady Howard de Walden, also a musician among music-hostesses, has provided us with unforgettable evenings with such artists as Suggia, taking care not to crowd too many in that great ball-room at Seaford House, from which the strains of music float down the green onyx staircase . . .

MUSIC at Wimborne House, with the candles alight, in one of our most perfect party-rooms, is a charming experience.

*Edmund Harrington*

*Olga Lynn*

*Who runs the Aeolus Concerts, for which London's most famous hostesses lend their houses, and at which the lions of the musical world play at Miss Lynn's instigation*

Here meet the members of the Quartet Society, led by Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie, and with such musical members as Lady Anglesey and her Caroline, Lady Glynn, the new and pretty Lady Listowel, Lady Rosebery (one of many sportswomen who are fine musicians), "Bill" Astor, and witty Lord Berners, that uncommon denominator of all music audiences . . .

THE social element is also strong at the large-scale public concerts, and well-known figures prove that they are genuinely musical by enduring the back-breaking seats of our concert-halls. (No one can explain why London's halls are so unworthy of the First City.) Those who were in Salzburg this year know that Princess Marina shares Prince George's tastes for recitals by fine pianists—I have often seen him at such recitals in the smaller halls—and will expect them both at music in the New Year.

There were too many orchestral concerts last year, and this season's lay-out is much more intelligent. "Sir Thomas" towers over most of them, one of the most fascinating men of our time, who would make a perfect Minister of Fine Arts, but not, it is agreed, a Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is conducting nine of the concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society. This venerable, but not in the least senile, institution has many enthusiasts on its social and administrative side who will be seen with happy parties in the Queen's Hall grand circle. The "hon. sec." is Lord Hambleden's brother, "Jimmie" Smith, a promising lieder singer and one of a musical family. The "hon. treas." is Lord Esher, who is also one of our greatest bibliophiles, while Lady Esher is a sound pianist. Lady Cunard is President, and the members include everybody we 've so far mentioned, as well as Sir Philip Sassoon, Lady Wimborne, Lady Bridges, Lady Harcourt, Lady Louis Mountbatten. Positively Streamline in appearance is the Philharmonic audience . . .

THERE is romance in the story of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts, which will welcome back popular Dr. Malcolm Sargent after his illness. Founded by the late Mrs. Courtauld, a woman of exceptional understanding, they have been perpetuated by her husband. He is a man of musical taste as well as our greatest art patron, and may be remembered as that most diffident of City chairmen who once announced a 100 per cent. dividend in words of grave warning. These concerts are planned for the serious Concert Club, and the programmes are designed with some thought. Members include Lady Jowitt, the Sitwells, Lady Bonham-Carter, Mrs. St. John Hornby, Mr. Knoblock, Virginia Woolf, Lady Aberconway, Lady Violet Benson, and, of course, many of our musical leaders already mentioned. Here plays the London Philharmonic, not to be confused with the London Symphony Orchestra, of which Lord Howard de Walden is President; we shall all be there for the performance by the latter of the Bach *Kunst der Fuge.*

Impresarios must be brave men to take on the responsibility of so many expensive ventures months ahead, but the best concerts are assured of distinguished audiences. Mr. Harold Holt, who can be witty in several languages (he probably needs to be), is bringing us such wonders as the incomparable Yehudi, Gigli, Lily Pons, the Berlin Orchestra, McCormack, and Horowitz. Mr. Wilfrid van Wyck is breaking with tradition in wisely stressing programme as well as star value in his Master Pianoforte recitals at Aeolian Hall, a wonderful string. And some of these, we hope, will play at private parties, followed by supper—and our cars at midnight. . . .

*Above, right: the Countess of Listowel, Lord Listowel's attractive and musical Hungarian wife. Right: Countess De La Warr, who regularly appears in the grand circle at the Queen's Hall. Below, right: Lady Howard de Walden, whose husband is President of the London Symphony Orchestra, and who is herself a leading musical hostess. Below: Lady Cunard, President of the Royal Philharmonic Society, and an indefatigable worker in the cause of London's music*

*Bertram Park, Hay Wrightson and Elwin Neame*

*Some Competitors in the Prince of Wales' Cup, Prince's, Sandwich*

*G. Alec Hill (Sandy Lodge) and P. B. Lucas (Sandy Lodge) going to the 1st green*

*C. Wellesley-Smith (Langley Park) and Dr. J. A. Flaherty (Langley Park) at the 1st*

*A. J. Bentley, Jnr. (Hesketh) and J. W. Jones (Grange Park) making up their score*

*L. O. Mann (Prince's) and E. F. Storey (Addington). R. Sweeney, Jnr., was the winner*

# The Neophyte at Golf: By F. G. L. Fairlie

A TRUTH is sometimes hard to assimilate, no matter how obvious it may be. John Morrison, some months ago, made a remark to me which was a criticism, meant in the kindliest way, on journalists in general. He said, in effect, that we who write about golf are very apt to be carried away by the startling and magnificent performances occasionally put up by first-class golfers, and that when we go to a meeting in our official capacities we spend all our time watching the stars at work, in the hope that we will see one of them performing the miracles about which it delights our hearts to write. He told me that, whereas the great rounds are few and far between, the interesting and really exciting rounds are played by those less skilful . . . the rabbits, and not the tigers. He advised—since John Morrison's criticism is seldom solely destructive—that I should spend a little time at the next meeting which I attended purely in the capacity of a journalist, in finding some comparative rabbit who happened to be playing on his game. The excitements, he hinted, were far greater, the incidents more bizarre, the atmosphere, at times, more tense.

I HASTEN to make this public apology to John, in that I have not previously taken his advice. For it so happened that this week-end, at Pulborough, I have had the opportunity of doing that very thing which he advised, and I have, quite frankly, never enjoyed a more exciting round of golf in my life. I had the privilege of playing with a good friend of mine who, five months ago, had never had a golf club in his hand, and—dreadful thought!—whom I rather suspected of secretly looking down upon those who thought of golf as anything more distinguished than a sort of super-croquet.

It so happened that then he was staying with me down near Pulborough, for we were engaged in collaborating over a job of work, and in order to get some exercise, I inveigled him into a field which is adjacent to my house. There I put a club into his hands, a golf-ball on a tee, and a suggestion into his head that he should knock that ball off that tee into a hedge which is some 250 yards distant. My friend is a man who will not allow himself to be beaten at any task before he has at least satisfied himself that that task is impossible, and although, after his first few shots, he would have had every excuse to have come to this conclusion, the golfing bug had got well into his veins, and I knew that I had started another man on a golfing career. He continued to try to do what I suggested. He even crept away from the house, at odd moments, by the back way, so that I should not notice him, and, as always happens at this game of ours, every time that he was on the point of acknowledging himself defeated and possibly giving up the game for ever, suddenly, for some reason unknown to him, he struck the ball with such a measure of success that he very nearly achieved the goal which I had indicated.

THIS went on for a few days. I doubt very much whether Jock Orton—that is his name—realised what entertainment he was giving me, for I am perfectly certain that he had no idea that I knew of his illicit visits to the field. If he reads this, he will appreciate for the first time how much I approved of those visits, and how I glowed with righteous pleasure when I realised that here was another "wastrel" who, entirely through me, would make good use of the rest of his life by partaking in the joys of golf with all of us who already knew them.

But I was entirely unprepared for what was about to occur less than half a year later. This great event has happened over this week-end on which I write, and the round which Orton played in the Medal Competition which formed part of the Open Meeting at Pulborough is one which was just as exciting and just as thrilling, even to me, who was watching it, as any round in the sixties which I have seen done by a first-class player.

When our job of work was done, and Orton left my house five months ago, I realised merely that he was keen on golf. . . . I did not appreciate that he would set himself the stiff task of studying the game. He bought himself a set of clubs; he joined a golf club. He came down with his clubs for a week-end a little later, and played his first round on a full-size links with me. I discovered that he had in his bag one of the best drivers I had ever seen, and promptly removed it from him, giving him a putter in exchange. That is the only price that he has had to pay, and I think he is as satisfied with the exchange as I am.

But he came down on another spot of work this week-end, and we found time to play in the Medal Round at Pulborough; Orton having by now reduced himself to a handicap of 16. When we started I was full of high hopes for myself, and it did not occur to me that Orton might run away from the field. I make this confession sadly but very gladly. I started off with a bad approach and three deft putts for a six. There was nothing in Orton's six which indicated what he was about to do. There was nothing, in fact, in Orton's game for the first nine holes that was very good; on the other hand, there was nothing that was very bad, and he found himself at the turn exactly right on handicap to finish with the scratch score for the course . . . provided that he went on playing as he had been playing.

IT was from then on that things started to happen. Those of you who have played on the excellent West Sussex course will remember the tenth hole as one mass of bunkers, heather, a ditch, and further complications: Orton sampled the lot with his first three shots. Then from a ridiculously bad lie he put the ball within a yard of the hole and holed out for a five. This seemed to inspire him. He played the next hole—a difficult enough four, in all conscience—in that figure; the next—a long one-shot hole—he did in a three, which was very nearly a two; the next in the perfect four; the next in five—one over the scratch score; and the next, a little devil, in the correct three.

I have never seen a long-handicap golfer play such good golf over this period, and it was quite obvious that he had the competition in his pocket. I was about to say so, in order to encourage him, when I realised that he had no idea that he was doing so well, and I shall always thank my stars that I kept silence. I have never been so thrilled as during the time that it took him to play out the last three holes, with breath-taking unsteadiness, for a homeward half of 41, a net score of 70, and a victory by three strokes.

You were perfectly right, John Morrison: that round was more fun to watch than any gross score of 70 I have seen done by a good player.

# OUR VERY OWN MOTOR SHOW

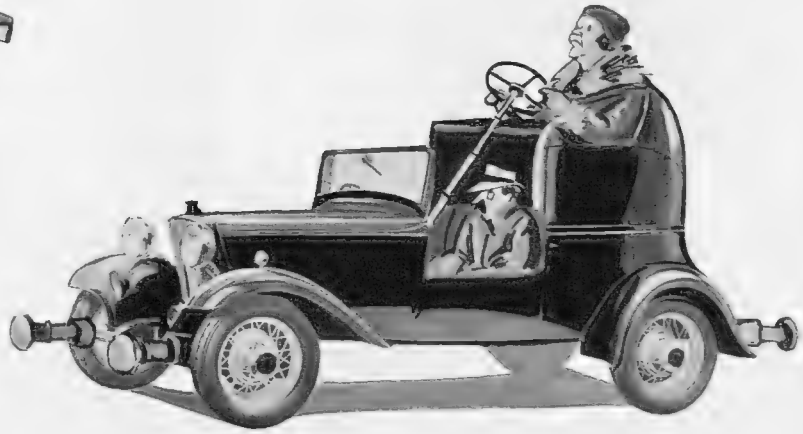
*WE hate to be left out of anything that's going, and the idea of somebody else getting a lot of limelight makes us bite our lower lip in uncontrollable envy. Even the Motor Show infuriates us. One night, however, as we lay grappling with our inferiority complex, an idea occurred to us. Why not hold a Motor Show of our own? Forthwith, we seized the telephone and had our designers rushed to our bedside on fast bicycles. The models illustrated on this page are the result.*

## The Belisha Noiseless Nine

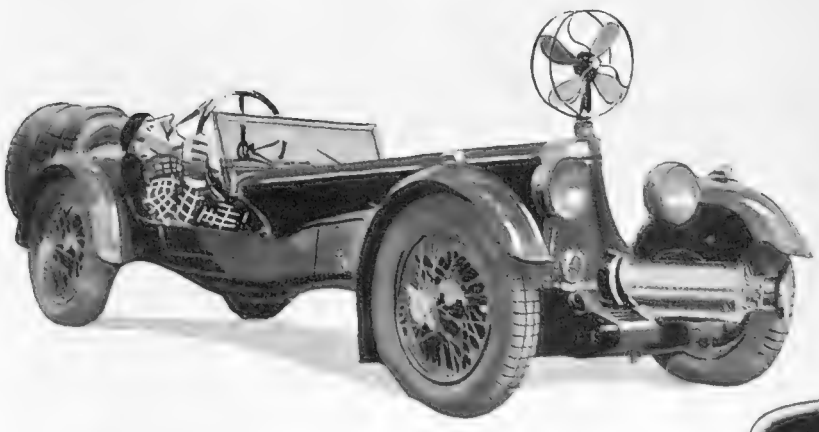
THIS detestable little car has four cylinders, each lined with felt and fitted with india-rubber pistons to cut down noise. A noiseless hooter is also fitted, together with a very complicated set of semaphore signals for use in winter, and a heliograph for summer. When a pedestrian approaches within half a mile, an automatic device raises the driver's hat and whispers in dulcet tones, "After you, dear Sir (or Madam)." All complete with the whole disgusting bag of tricks, £934 14s. 8d.

## The Seven-Cylinder De Henpek

FITTED with an alternative back-seat drive, the De Henpek is intended for the man who has mated with his physical and intellectual superior. The steering column is telescopic, enabling the wheel to be handed over to the dictator in the back seat, in a moment of crisis, with a meek "You 'd better drive, my dear, you do it better than I." A wireless telephone is then brought into operation, which connects the front-seat driver with the nearest hospital. Complete, 300 guineas. Special travelling case, containing large wooden mallet, overdose of arsenic, ear-plugs, etc., extra.



## The Hotcha-Hotcha Fourteen



THIS little horror is supercharged and fitted with a blower, a radio, a coffee percolator, and a spike for taking the stones out of horses' hoofs. The engine is the famous 14-h.p. Dynamite, with push-rod operated, spiral-bevel driven cam-shafts which work off a vertical rocker on the spare wheel. The driving seat is raked in such a way that the driver is enabled to sit on his shoulder-blades and steer by the stars. Standard £6666. With extras (driving-mirror, shaving-mirror, eye-brow plucking-mirror, and Works of Dickens), £75,934 17s. 1d.

## The 24-h.p. Gin Palace

**(Or Stop-Me-and-Have-One)**

THIS extraordinary motor-car is made in a three-door Saloon (Private Bar, Public Bar and Bottle and Jug). Every model is fitted with a supply of wines, spirits, beers, choice liqueurs, cocktail concomitants and silver-plated shaker, cigars and cigarettes. There is no engine, thus giving the owner a perfect excuse for spending his Sunday mornings in the garage, and at the same time complying with all the new traffic regulations. A boon to the man with a non-mechanical mind. Complete with bar-fittings and goodwill, £10,000 guineas.

D

# • FILMS of the DAY

## CRITICS take Nothing

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

*Right: the hero of "Crime Without Passion," which the public, as well as the critics, discovered to be one of the best films of the year, although it was without obvious star or sex appeal, Claude Rains having been hitherto "the invisible man"*

*Below: the famous director and the famous star, friends again, were photographed at the Russian Eagle restaurant in Hollywood. Marlene was wearing one of those trouser suits of hers which Sydney Tremayne says "have always had just that touch of fantasy which made them acceptable"*

*Claude Rains in "Crime Without Passion"*

*Hyman Fink, Hollywood*

*Joseph von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich*

CRITICS of books and critics of plays are generally very polite, even respectful, to one another. They are "honoured colleagues" and "brilliant confrères"; but film critics are extraordinarily contemptuous of one another, sometimes even abusive. The *Kinematograph Weekly* recently published an article called "Fleet Street is Always Wrong," and *British Motion Picture News*, taking up the subject, "made an example" of Mr. Stephen Watts, because, in the *Sunday Express*, he had adversely criticised *Blossom Time*, which the public has approved so enthusiastically that the Regal management has not known how to deal with the queues.

THE question arises: May critics be critical? I conceive the function to be an eclectic one. But I think the trouble with film criticism is that few writers have yet decided on the standard from which to judge pictures. There is a literary tradition and a theatrical tradition, but the screen has hardly established traditions, and its heredity is a little dubious. I may assume too much in laying down laws, but it seems to me that the film critic should consider not only his personal reactions, but those of the public to whom a picture will be shown and the readers his particular criticism is likely to reach, as well as the technical perfections or imperfections of a picture.

If a so-called critic is to be merely a guide or dragoman, probably the less he knows about picture-making and the more he knows about public taste, the better; but surely the criterion of knowledge and taste is of some value? And, in spite of the fact that the public will often herd to an inferior or vulgar film because it exploits a star who has previously taken its fancy, or because of some spectacular exhibition, I believe that very few really good films are ignored, whether they are well reviewed in the Press or not. The classic examples are *The Blue Light* and *Sous les Toits de Paris*.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY there is *Crime Without Passion*, the cleverest film which has come from America during the last three years. Claude Rains has no "star appeal." He was more brilliant than most people realised in *The Invisible Man*. Now that he is visible, he is not good-looking, or even insidiously attractive, in the way that Adolphe Menjou, for instance, is attractive. There is no well-known and glamorous female star. Margo has a future. *Crime Without Passion* was, at first sight, a critic's, or a cineaste's picture. Crook drama brought to the *n*th degree of perfection, suspense, surprise, psychological values brilliantly blended by means of excellent photographic effects, perfect cutting, and really intelligent acting. That is "criticism": would it bring one half-crown to the box-office? No. But the public found out that this was a good picture.

Now, what is an honest critic to do? He wants the public to see the picture. He has no glamorous Miss So-and-So, or he-man Mr. Such-and-Such to advocate. The actual virtues of the picture, straightforwardly expressed, will not attract the masses. Unless he has an ardent reading public it is not enough to say "*I* liked this picture." And so he fills his space and "the trade" looks at him askance.

THEN we come to a picture like *Girls Will be Boys*. This may be good public entertainment, but, from a personal point of view, it is inane, and it is impossible to believe that it can attain any filmic status.

Dolly Haas is a vivacious little German film star. She plays a modernised Little Lord Fauntleroy part. After a brief career as a dancer, she rushes the grandfatherial fort disguised as a boy. The grandfather, who hates women, is played by Cyril Maude, which means that we have excellent elderly comedy and delightful diction of the traditional histrionic order.

The grandfather determines to make a man of the boy, which provides gymnastic and boxing exhibitions which, in view of the fact that the boy is a girl, are, perhaps funny, and a swimming scene which is, perhaps, shocking—all fairly discreetly handled. Then the girl, for social reasons, reverts to girlishness, is dainty and alluring, and there is a sentimental ending in which the boxing instructor figures largely.

Now this is all nonsense, and, frankly, dress clothes and cropped hair are becoming to no woman. Dietrich's male impersonations have always had just that touch of fantasy which made them acceptable. The Dolly Haas disguises are either too boyish, or not sufficiently distinguished by feminine appeal. She is neither a Dietrich nor a Janet Gaynor. And if it is a great success a critic is wrong again!

*Charles Laughton*
*As Elizabeth Barrett's Father*

# Mr. Barrett Laughton of Wimpole Street

HERE is sport for those that like to amuse themselves with the odious game of comparison-making. To see Charles Laughton on the screen in the part Cedric Hardwicke played so superbly on the stage, to have the opportunity to compare, in an identical character, the technique of these two great English actors—this might draw to the cinema the most film-phobe of dramatic critics. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" has been made by M.-G.-M., with Norma Shearer as Elizabeth, Fredric March as Browning (a likely bit of casting), Sidney Franklin directing under Irving Thalberg's supervision. It is being shown at the Empire, with a première on Thursday; all the Laughton "fans" will be there

*Left: Warner Baxter usually appears on the screen more or less as himself, but in the film version of Alfred Neumann's play, "Such Men Are Dangerous," he played his only character part. His transformation into a middle-aged, stern-expressioned German is a masterpiece on the part of himself and that disguise-merchant, the make-up man. Warner Baxter's most recent film was "Stand Up and Cheer," which ran at the Regal not long ago*

*Below: it is not often that a young and lovely creature, as Evelyn Laye is in the earlier scenes of "Evensong," can grow old with the conviction and sincerity that she brings to her part at the end of the film. The hand of Time, working through the make-up box and her own talent for real acting, is a particularly interesting phenomenon, when it is laid on a musical-comedy actress who is seldom asked to do more than enhance her natural charms*

*Warner Baxter Transformed for "Such Men Are Dangerous"*

# Abracadabra

## The Magic of Make-Up

THE Greeks had a mask for it, and paint as well, and the Ancient Britons had paint too, but they were rather restricted in colour choice. Descendant of these primitive disguise conventions, by way of the modern theatre, is the elaborate make-up of the cinema. Tricks can be played with grease-paint plus lighting that would be impossible on the stage, while at the same time the rigorous test of the close-up enforces a degree of detailed exactitude and thoroughness that the footlights do not demand. So that film make-up has become an art in itself, and such a master of the art as Boris Karloff performs miracles of transformation that would make his dramatic forebears rub their eyes in amaze

*Evelyn Laye Grows Old in an Hour, in "Evensong"*

*Right:*

### *Basil Sydney Turns Himself into a Villain*

*Film villains have provided the best opportunities of all for a display of virtuosity in make-up. Basil Sydney, who is well-known on the London stage, has now joined the company of sinister gentlemen. He is appearing as Reinhardt in a new blood-curdler called "The 3rd Clue," which has just been completed in the Fox studios at Ealing, and is directed by Al Parker*

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

**By "The Bystanders"**

"I DID N'T realise I should have to have a hostess for each card-room," a woman who recently lost £7000 in running a Mayfair bridge club told an interviewer. Most bridge club members will realise what a curious gaffe this was.

An aunt of ours who began life by being shot from a gun twice nightly at the Alhambra, and afterwards reformed and went into the gambling-hell business, once told us that the reason so few of the nicer Society girls became card-club hostesses in her day was that elderly peers and retired colonels used to pinch their ankles, which then fascinated people. They generally coped with this by having a third, or artificial, leg under the frou-frou of protective millinery which frothed round Edwardian ankles. The peers and colonels pinched away quite happily, except when the spare leg came away in their hands—and all was well.

If you don't believe this, we can show you a papier-mâché leg covered with signatures by some of the most distinguished figures of the day, like a Test cricket bat. It belonged to a débutante who lost it at a party in Grosvenor Square. A tall footman carried it round after her on a silver tray, and, with the perfect breeding of those days, everybody ignored it, including the Cabinet Minister who had tweaked it off during dessert. If you don't believe this, may we show you a trick or two with matches?

### *Les Kingsley Girls*

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD has ordered "green-corded silk poplin overalls with silver-plated buttons" for girl probationers in the Post Office, because he wants the British Post Office staff to be the smartest in the world.

It seems to us that long, white silk robes and a gilt fillet for the hair would be ideal for the ladies who sell us stamps and what not. It seems to us, in our romantic old way, that the typical Vestal Virgin must have been terribly like the modern Post Office lady; a bit severe in features, a bit bleak in manner, standing - no - nonsense - from - nobody, and a perfect lady always. Few of the Vestal Virgins were buried alive for misconduct. Which only shows you.

Some time ago, Frank Sullivan, the New York archæologist, claimed that the modern Vestals were pre-eminently the Ziegfeld Follies, but we don't think he proved his case too well. Ourselves, we should say most of them were too tall or something. The Tiller Girls, again, might be well in the running, but many of them come (it seems) from Manchester. Our own selection is—

1. Les Post Office Girls.
2. Les Women Police.

The Women Police have more charm but a sterner discipline. One of them was buried alive at Scotland Yard the other week just for having a bit of grit in her eye, causing her to be accused of winking at a lot of baffled detectives who were trailing back to headquarters, tired but happy, and ready for the next insoluble murder mystery.

"The Women Police," said Lord Trenchard, in a grim little speech, as they shovelled back the earth, "must be like Cæsar's wife—a dancing shape, an image gay, to haunt, to startle, and waylay, and yet, upon a nearer view, a spirit yet a Woman too."

### *So to Speak*

WE asked a friend of ours, just returned from a first trip to America, what his most vivid, lasting impressions were.

He said: "Hollywood and Sing Sing. Or," he added reflectively, "the stars and the stripes."

### *Gloves Off*

BORED as we are with the increasing tendency of the Press to be afraid to criticise or knock anybody—It 's a quite modern development. Look up the pre-war newspaper files in the British Museum some day. Gosh!—and triply bored with the weak, warm, sticky morass of insincere praise which engulfs everything and everybody, we were refreshed to find this in a new quarterly review about Old Gentleman Shaw, who has recently been patting himself on the back once more for being "daring"—

> Daring!—the old, worn-out trick, reminiscent of Victorian spinsters. And the old pathetic conceit. Yet some fool will probably say that he ought to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

That 's from the *Colosseum*, which describes itself, quite calmly, on its cover as "not a polite review."

We 're all for taking the gloves off now and then. Our mother used to tell us about the terrific fights there used to be in the London papers in late Victorian times. Lovely big slanging-matches. Jolly great

*Re-Incarnations*

*No. 1. Penelope (Mr. J. H. Thomas) welcomes the return of Ulysses (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald)*

howls of "Fool!" and "Imbecile!" and "Blockhead!" and "Rat!", and no cry-baby running to the lawyers, either. We could do with some of this healthy stuff nowadays, when even cab-drivers have lost their repartee. When we want to hear a good engueulade now we have to go to Paris for it.

***Forrard On!***

WE instinctively raise our glittering topper to the indomitable woman, a member of the East Essex Hunt, who defeated an organised band of yokels out to shoot foxes in her country recently. Arguing first, then walking in advance of the murder party with a terrier, she scared away so many foxes that the rural vulpicides had to retire with a measly bag of two.

Our own feelings on the subject of fox-shooting are subject to circumstance. When we hunted—oh, yes, we did!—we would have got after people who shot foxes as gladly as after any other vermin. Our language about them was terrible—more terrible, we mean, than the ordinary language of our Hunt, which was composed of the most sporting people with the foulest tempers and the filthiest bad manners in England. But when we took a little farm for a few months and about fifty foxes raided our poultry, we were equally passionate for shooting them—or, even worse, reading D. H. Lawrence to them till they fell dead, choked with the effluvia. Now that we neither hunt nor farm, we don't quite know where we stand, except that it's somewhere near the cherry brandy.

Anyway, it's part of the age-old problem which will last as long as green fields and pink coats survive in England. The best Hunts choose a secretary with tact and understanding of farmers' trials. A Master like Lord Scamperdale in *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*, again, can get anything he wants out of the farmer, merely by being a good fellow. It is difficult for hunting people to be in anything but a purple rage ("They are governed by rage and fear," said a philosophical friend of ours,

*"Pretend you don't notice. He's giving full rein to his subconscious"*

## THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

### No. 19.—Wycombe Abbey

*A dark-blue tie with coloured bars is, as a rule,*
*Worn by those who were sent to Wycombe Abbey School.*

OUR motto's "Place aux Dames," and so
of Wycombe Abbey we will sing,
That famous school where damsels grow
Both wise and strong as anything.
Here those who yearn to shine at sports
And thereby put Roedean to flight,
Thrive manfully upon the courts,
Or on the "Level" show their might
At cricket, heedful of their coaches,
That they may win "L.H.C." brooches.

From "Special Effort" at the start
Of term, to the Mark-reading which
Denotes its close, pursuit of Art
And Learning must keep up to pitch,
Or the Position Badge girls wear
Upon their jimmy-dress will go,
And very few there are who'd care
To suffer such a bitter blow,
For even "stodge" and "photo paste" are
Then but wormwood to their taster.

It's usual to "have a side"
At concerts in Big School, but those
Who do so have no stiff-necked pride
For it's but pairing-up for shows,
And be her house an In or Out,
And be she full of brains or not,
Each girl, there's not the slightest doubt,
Gives ample proof that she has got
A fondness that grows yearly greater
For Alma—do girls call it?—Pater.

B. W.

*"Catch it for him, Chevers, and tell him to get to hell out of it"*

contemplating a very furious Hunt one day), but, between oaths, it can be done. We 've forgotten what we mean by " it."

***Out, D'Artagnan!***

With memories of boyhood crowding round us, we read the other day that *The Three Musketeers*, and all the other works of Alexandre Dumas, have been banned in Soviet Russia. We then searched high and low, and, finding a tattered old *Three Musketeers* in a disused boot-cupboard in the west wing, prepared to curl up with Dumas and enjoy the long autumn evening.

Well, we couldn't do it. We stuck half-way through the first chapter. We came to the conclusion that if the Soviets have banned Dumas because he is as big a bore as the major Russian novelists, the Soviets are damnably right. There 's a random rhyme by Dorothy Parker, the Girl Scourge of the American Booboisie, which echoes exactly our own conclusion at this moment—

Although I work and never cease
At Dumas père and Dumas fils,
I cannot make me greatly care
For Dumas fils or Dumas père.

It serves us right. The romances of our youth, the kisses of former, world-shaking loves, yesterday's rice pudding. . . .

***One for Old George Sex***

To be quite fair, we re-read one of G. A. Henty's old, familiar books a little time ago, benighted in a country town, with rain pouring in sheets, and we were amazed and delighted with the neat way Henty solves all sex problems. No hot ears about this boy; no anguished analyses or Freudian nimble-wimble; no nosing, no introspective sexual pringle-prangle or fiddle-de-dee whatsoever. Right at the end of a rousing story of two dashing young English gentlemen laying out snarling foreigners by sea and land, rescuing women in the French Revolution from worse than death, and generally romping round gallantly in the Henty manner, came a semi-final paragraph something like this (we quote pretty accurately from memory)—

Dick had no difficulty in persuading Lucille to marry him on his return, and Tom seized the opportunity to pair off with Agnes. Returning to England at length, etc., etc.

*" The boss has changed his mind, boys— pistols, not swords "*

*" It 's a good stunt, but I don't feel altogether happy about it "*

Bang! There you are. Not a word of love in the story up to then, or afterwards, and the whole business polished off in a brisk sentence and finished with.

***The Fragrant Minute***

A number of new " drunk " stories are going round town, none of them as good as *the* " drunk " story, the property of Philip Page, dramatic critic, which a member of the Stock Exchange told us this week, laughing heartily and telling it wrong.

The right version of the story is this:

A well-known West End theatre conductor, slipping out during rehearsals for a sandwich and a glass of sherry at a bar, was approached by a drunk gentleman, a complete stranger, swaying slightly, glassy, but very dignified, who said to him confidentially:

" 'Snothing like an old English (hic) drawingroom."

" Absolutely! " said the conductor affably. The drunk gentleman retired, only to return in a few moments. This time he leaned over and said, even more confidentially:

" *'Snothing like an old English drawingroom (hic).*"

" I entirely agree."

The drunk gentleman hovered a little, disappeared, and finally came over again. He leaned very much over this time and spoke:

" *My mother's* (hic) got an old English drawingroom."

" Ah! " said the conductor, nodding genially. " Jolly nice thing to have, too! "

The drunk gentleman checked himself, went away, came back, glowered a little angrily, and finally addressed the conductor in a muffled voice.

" An' what 's more," said the drunk gentleman bitterly, " she wouldn't (hic) have a damned feller like you in it for fifty (hic) thousand pounds! "

The Bystanders.

*Extreme left: Miss Gweneth Butler, Miss Susan Henderson, and Miss Zoe Orr, who lives at North Berwick, were three attractive girls at Perth races on the second day*

*Left: Lord and Lady Northesk talking to Miss Moira Hunter (right), Sir Torquil Munro's good-looking fiancée, at Scone Palace Park*

*Below: the Master of Gray and the Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Gray take a good watching position on the stand at the Perth meeting*

# Racing in Scotland

## The Perth and Lanark Meetings

*Left: Miss Ann Coats, in checks, and Miss Rosemary Robertson, in stripes, at Lanark on the second day. They came over from Sundrum, Ann Coats's home*

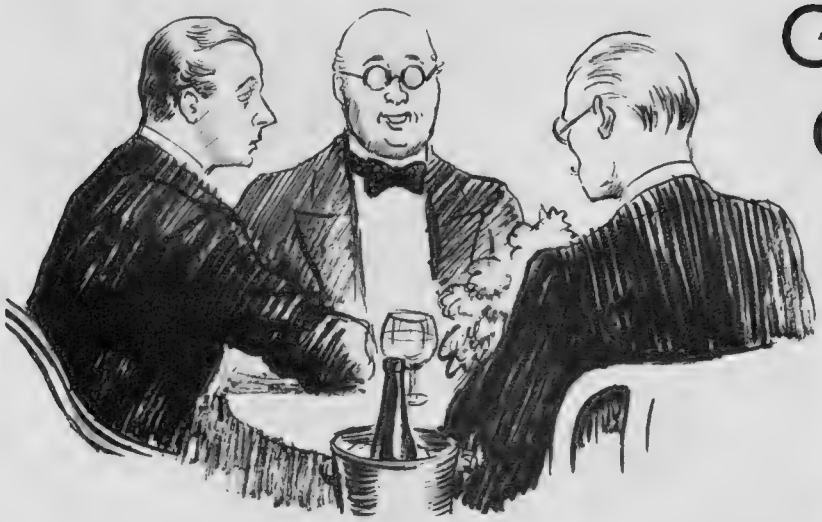
*Miss Bethia Jardine and Mr. G. G. Watherston, the Scottish "Rugger" International, talking to Mrs. John Campbell, at the races at Lanark; her party had got back to Dolphinton at five-thirty in the morning after the Lanark Ball the night before*

*Another cheerful morning-after-the-night-before party at Lanark on the second day of the meeting: Miss Geraldine Smallwood, Mr. John Marshall, Miss Anne Marshall, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. David McConnel and Mr. Neville Lee*

# GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

## The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop



*Trio in Bury Street*

*Sir Hugh Seely, Mr. St. John Hutchinson, and Lord Brownlow lunching together at Quaglino's. Mr. Hutchinson, who is a barrister, stood as Liberal candidate a few years ago for the Isle of Wight, where the Seelys are one of the leading Liberal families*

*Lady Diana Gibb*

*A sketch of Lord Lovelace's youngest sister, made in Scotland when she was staying with her in-laws, Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb. She married Mr. Alastair Gibb in 1927; they have a house in Westminster*

*Mrs. Digby Neave*

*Mrs. Digby Neave was lunching at Quaglino's, wearing very nice midday clothes—a black Schiaparelli dress and an amusing Madelon Chaumet hat, black with a tuft of red feathers and a quill on the top*

LONDON'S night life last week was just one long whirl. Every place of note seemed to have conspired to have an opening night, and they didn't seem to mind if they clashed.

There are so many American Follies girls about that it is impossible to know them by name. They all seem to have the same head, but screwed into different bodies.

THE Savoy opened its winter season on Monday, but as it is always full I cannot report much change upon that front. Grace Poggi's dancing—mostly national, for which she wears different costumes—was the big hit. Carroll Gibbons is back again, after an American tour. The Duke of Rutland, who had temporarily deserted his wonderful stretch of rainbow-trout fishing on the Derbyshire Wye, was there; also Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, Miss Peta Davis, and Miss Merle Oberon, who is a regular attendant at all these functions, and must be a godsend to growers of orchids.

ON the same night was the Punch's Club party, under the supervision of its maestro, "Uncle Arthur" Eliot. Here were Prinseps, Barnatos, Scott Callinghams, and Lord Brecknock, casting a professional eye (he should be a cabaret impresario) upon the advance performance of "Les Girls," who gave their official "do" the next night; Miss Jeanne Stourton was not wearing her smoked glasses, so let us hope that her eyes are better.

An interesting personality was Mr. Howard Welsh, the American film producer, whose company, Vogue, is going to cause a stir in the British film-world. I am told to look out for a picture called *Eighteen Minutes*, which is coming on at the Empire. And all the filming is done at Walton-on-Thames.

*At the Double First Night of "Hi-Diddle-Diddle"*

*Left: Captain Buckmaster and Miss Jean Gillie arriving for the midnight performance at the Comedy. Capt. Buckmaster's son, John Buckmaster, is in the show*

*Above: Lady Inchcape and her step-daughter, Lady Patricia Mackay, went to see the new Charlot revue. Both the performances, which were at eight and at midnight, with supper for the cast on the stage in between, had very Mayfair-ish audiences*

# GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

On Tuesday night we had a Leslie Henson "yell" at the Strand Theatre, as well as the opening of the ballet season at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Geoffrey Toye conducted his own ballet, *The Haunted Ball-room*. Lady Headfort and Baron Franckenstein were there, also Lady Queensberry and Miss Merle Oberon, again well-orchid-ed. Mrs. Fleitmann afterwards gave a party at 6, Chesterfield Street, which included visitors to the ballet; the portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, was so intrigued with the performance that he is to be a regular attendant. Balleto-maniac is, I believe, the technical term for such an enthusiast, so Arnold Haskell describes it.

In William Gerhardi's novel *Resurrection*, none but the intelligent minds which study these columns could have any idea of the possible links between some of the characters in his book and those in real life. It would take a brilliant brain to identify anybody with Lord Ottercove, for instance, "who stood there, attended by the ample form of Lord Horseburgh, by a rising Labour M.P., by a Conservative member with a shock of red hair, and a slender woman with eloquent eyes." And elsewhere we read that "the door opened and Lord Ottercove minced towards them with hand outstretched and a grin from ear to ear. 'I congratulate you on your splendid achievement,' he said, in those warm, ringing tones which seemed to affect him no less than his guest, as if he himself were astonished by their ringing sincerity." What a problem for Mayfair—the identity of Lord Ottercove! Mrs. Peter Horlick may be able to give us a clue.

Those who have been expecting to be entertained by Mrs. Corrigan this winter will have to wait until the summer, for next month she sails for New York, and is going to take a house there to entertain what is termed "Gotham's smart set." For information as to their identities I shall have to ask Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston or Mrs. Charles Cartwright, at present in her flat in Paris.

The Ice Club, Millbank, reopened on Wednesday night with a gala, "Hello, Winter!" Fritzi Burger, the champion skater of Austria, gave a demonstration. There is a new Spanish bar, with colours of beige and scarlet and a bright blue ceiling, which looks as bright as it sounds, for those who like colours.

The Charlot revue at the Comedy Theatre has some very amusing sketches, in which Douglas Byng and John Tilley appear. There is a Nell Gwyn episode, in which Nell's repartee is well to the fore; when the Duchess of Portsmouth arrives late and makes as her excuse: "I was kept by the Privy Council," Douglas Byng replies: "What, by all of them?" Noel Coward sat chuckling away all through the show in a box with Mrs. Calthrop. There were some very large parties. The Maharaja of Rajpipla had one, Mr. Arthur Bendir another, and the Simon Marks another.

Captain Buckmaster, anxiously watching his son John do his song and dance (in the latter especially he showed promise), added to his dignity by leaning with both hands on his stick in the best Edwardian theatrical traditions. Cecil Beaton had sister Baba with him; what news of the wedding, please?

There was a great rally at the Café de Paris to greet the Yacht Club Boys, who established themselves in the spring, at the Monseigneur, as one of the best turns we ever got from America. So many arrive over here boosted up to the neck and are no use at all. These "boys" certainly seem to enjoy their work and, in any case, make the audience think that they do.

Miss Lisa Maugham was one of the prettiest girls in the room. Mr. Ivor Guest arrived with Mrs. Shevlin Smith just before the cabaret began. He always times his entrances perfectly. Clarice Mayne came with Nervo and Knox; she is married to Knox (or is it Nervo; and which is which?). Mrs. Charles Sweeny is no longer Margaret-Whigham-ish, having now the complete pose of the young-marrieds, as have Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Lady Inchcape. MR. PEEPS

### *Woman to Woman*

The first day of Newbury races was a really lovely day, and everybody turned up in tweeds and wished they hadn't. The second day they took a chance in thinner things, and likewise wished they hadn't. It was a typical Newbury day, pouring rain most of the time. Nearly all the usual people present. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, she in navy blue and lynx fur, keeping the bookmakers busy. The "Johnny" Dewars were conspicuous by their absence. They are away in Austria with a party of friends, including Lady Tredegar, shooting partridges. Why more of us don't go there we don't know, as it's cheap and the greatest fun. (But we're talking about Newbury, not Austria.) We also saw Mr. Peter Thursby, with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ronnie Aird, and Mr. Terry Weldon with the Philip Kindersleys, she looking a bit cold in a linen tweed on the second day. A Lygon or two, of course, and Lady Digby talking to Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who, we hoped, was giving her some valuable information.

The Scottish season is coming to an end; in fact, has just about come, and everybody will soon be back in London. At the last of the Perth Hunt

*Lady Gloria Vaughan was another of this year's débutantes at the midnight performance of "Hi-Diddle-Diddle." She was with Mr. Fisher*

Balls Lord and Lady Graham were to be seen dancing together, she with her clan tartan sash on her white dress. The most admired person in the room was Lady Elizabeth Murray, tall and attractive in blue. Other good-lookers worthy of mention were Lady Jane Fitzroy, the Duke of Grafton's sister, Lady Romayne Cecil and Lady Tiverton, who was dancing round the floor with her husband. Lady Scone's diamond tiara was the centre of attraction. She looked quite lovely, as she always does in white.

SOME shooting news for you. The Duke of York, who had been staying at Gannochy Lodge with Mr. Pierpont Morgan and shooting over the Angus Moors again there, went on to the Elphinstones before joining the Duchess at Glamis. The ex-King George of Greece has also been touring round Scotland, and stayed for a bit with Lord and Lady Mar of Kellie at their Clackmannanshire home, after a short stay with the Cecil Hanburys on Speyside. He also put in a bit of time with the "Queen of Mull," Mrs. Murray Guthrie, who always has a houseful, and who has been his hostess on more occasions than one. We hear he is contemplating a visit to India after the Royal wedding.

LORD and Lady Peel have been busy shooting and entertaining, and, judging by the number of "bits" of shooting they've had to cope with, it must have been an all-time job. They took Beaufort Castle in Inverness-shire from Lord Lovat, and there they lived. They also rented Flichity and Brier in the Nairn Valley, and had another interest in the Meallmore shooting, between Findhorn and Nairn, although the actual Meallmore Lodge was rented this year by the new Duke and Duchess of Wellington. Not content with all that, they had a series of grouse drives at Moy Hall, by arrangement with the Mackintosh, so we hope that "a good time was enjoyed by all."

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid are back from a yachting trip up the Dalmatian coast, and are now busy with shooting-parties at Six-Mile Bottom. Among their recent guests were Sir Bolton and Lady Eyres-Monsell (who have also been away, bobbing about on the ocean in their yacht, the Heartsease), Lord and Lady Inchcape, and Mr. and Mrs. George Phillipi. The latter is an excellent shot and a sister of Lady Lisburne.

ANOTHER couple who are back in London are Sir Lionel and Lady Earle. They have been on a motor tour (Lady Earle at the helm) in Italy and Austria, and on their way back they stayed with the Duchess of Sermoneta at Menaggio, which apparently couldn't have been more enjoyable. **MRS. PEEPS**

*Yevonde*

***Miss Elizabeth Egerton-Warburton***

*Whose engagement to the Hon. Desmond Flower, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Ashbrook, was announced last week. She is the elder daughter of the late Captain John Egerton-Warburton and the Hon. Mrs. Dallas Waters*

*Below are Baron Franckenstein and Mrs. Mary Booker, who were also photographed together at Sadler's Wells, with Baron Mario Bucovich at his show. Below, right: Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who is looking at a Bucovich portrait of herself*

*Swaebe*

*Swaebe*

***At Baron Mario Bucovich's Exhibition of Camera Art at Sunderland House***

*A Racing Reverie*

# The First October at Newmarket: By "Regular"

*Mr. Peter Burrell and Lady Chesham, she in a neat suit of check tweeds, at the bloodstock sales at Newmarket*

*Mr. G. M. Gifford and Mrs. Graham Scott were two more who were at Newmarket for the first October Meeting*

RACING during the back-end is invariably fraught with difficulties for backers, some animals at this period of the season "come on a ton," like Prince Aly Khan's moustache, others recede, like Mr. Clayton's hair—it is all very difficult.

NOTWITHSTANDING, we arrived for the First October at Newmarket full of beans, and with those trustful looks on our faces you see on the faces of dogs, whose masters are habitually unkind to them.

"HORSES are not machines," our greatest trainer of jumpers never tires of telling us, and round about the Motor Show they become less machine-like than ever. It is as if they were throwing one last gesture at the machines which have ousted them from the roads. Motor-cars, these days, do what they are expected to do; horses retain their independence.

SPEAKING as one who has spent a fortnight, ankle deep in mud, in Scotland, it was surprising, to say the least of it, to find hard going at Newmarket. It was raining hard when I arrived, and it continued to rain all day, but the natives told me that it was the first rain they 'd seen for months, so, although it wetted us to the skin, it still left the ground very hard.

I HAVE seldom seen fewer people at Newmarket than there were on the Tuesday, which, considering the mediocre nature of the fare set before us, was hardly surprising.

THE programme included the Buckenham (Post Produce) Stakes for the produce of mares who were led to the altar in 1931. The race closed on December 15th, 1931, shortly after Tetratema and Voleuse had returned from their protracted honeymoon.

VOLEUSE was taking things very easily and going to no parties, but Tetratema, who was well versed in such matters, was rather bored, and had already started looking to the left. In the following spring Voleuse presented him with a fine, bouncing son, and he was christened Theft.

NOT all the ladies who were married in 1931 were so fortunate as Voleuse. Some of the marriages were not blessed, while others had slow and backward children. Only Fairbairn, the son of a lady called Drift, one of Fairway's wives, was thought fast enough to take on Theft, and he finished six lengths behind him.

THE conditions of this race do not provide any great incentive to owners to tackle a super two-year-old like Theft. It costs you 300 sovereigns to run, and the executive do not provide one penny of added money.

THE man who never lays odds is every bit as big a fool as the man who always lays them, no matter whether he fancies the horse or not. When betting opened, the bookmakers took 4 to 1 about Theft, and if ever 4 to 1 looked justified here was the occasion. Before flag-fall it was a case of 7 to 1 on, and even this was generous. At the present moment Theft is, without doubt, the best two-year-old over five furlongs, and one of the best goers I have ever seen.

I WAS delighted to see Crumpets win the Great Eastern Handicap for the second year in succession for Major Durham Matthews, one of the most popular men racing. No horse has ever been more openly run; he has tried for his life every time, but this was the first race he has won this year. If all owners were like Major Durham Matthews, what fun racing would be. Crumpets' victory was a genuine case of virtue rewarded. Incidentally, he was beautifully ridden by Michael Beary.

The Fifty-Sixth Foal Stakes was another of those races that closed in 1931, but in this case we had a thrilling race, Alishah holding off Easter Rush in a terrific finish by a short head.

ALISHAH opened 9 to 4 on, and, acting for a friend, I put a thousand pounds on him at those odds; thereupon he promptly eased to 2 to 1 on, which, though hardly flattering to my ability as a commission agent, shows definitely that the market is not as weak as some people would have us imagine.

MY own view of this race was that, considering he was giving away 10 lb., Gordon made his effort rather too soon, but that he rectified his error by riding a truly terrific finish. Poor Alishah! Perhaps one day you 'll have an easy race.

THE day ended with a victory, for Slam in the royal colours, and although we were wet and cold and everyone appeared desolate in the prevailing gloom, we raised our hats and cheered, which, considering how miserable we were, was really frightfully gallant of us.

*Three experts looking at one of the sales "lots" with knowledgeable eyes: Lady Broughton, Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, and Mrs. Clayton*

# You've Got to be Clever to Work for Mr. Cochran

## Six "Streamline" Artists

*(1)* ***Cathleen Mann*** *(Lady Queensberry) working in her studio. Of her four "Streamline" designs "Negro Commercial" is particularly attractive*

*(2)* ***Rex Whistler*** *is responsible for the scenes and dresses in "The Private Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" and "The First Waltz"*

*(3)* ***Edward Wolfe*** *with his designs for the décor and dresses of "La Femme et le Pantin," the number in which La Jana dances*

*(4)* ***Cecil Beaton*** *(plus Beaton-ish properties) did the scenery and costumes for two sketches and Tilly Losch's dress in "The Starving Rich"*

*(5)* ***Charles James*** *designed Tilly Losch's "Harmonia Mobilis" dress and also all the dresses for the "Faster! Faster!" finale*

*(6)* ***Doris Zinkeisen,*** *the leader of Mr. Cochran's school of artists, has created the setting and clothes for several numbers in "Streamline"*

Sasha

## "Antony and Cleopatra," at the Old Vic

*For the first production of the season, "Antony and Cleopatra" was chosen for the Old Vic, and the picture above shows Iras (Rose Temple), Cleopatra (Mary Newcomb), and Charmian (Nancy Homsley) in a scene from the play. Nancy Homsley is the wife of Henry Cass, the Old Vic producer*

*Below:* **"Yes, Madam?" at the London Hippodrome**

*Sally Ganthony (Binnie Hale) and Bill Quinton (Bobby Howes), two of the stars in "Yes, Madam?", the new musical comedy which should fill the London Hippodrome for months to come. Words, music, chorus, and principals are all most entertaining, and, for once in a way, attention has been paid to the plot—an excellent one—which is founded on the novel by K. R. G. Browne, part-author of the play, a review of which appears on p. 50*

*Circle: "The Shining Hour," at the St. James's. The picture shows the scene where David (Raymond Massey) grows hysterical after the death of his wife, who has killed herself to make way for another woman, Mariella Linden (Gladys Cooper). The others present are her husband, Henry (Cyril Raymond), David's brother, Mickey (Dereck Williams) and his sister, Hannah (Marjorie Fielding)*

*"The Shining Hour," at the*

# In Town To-night

## Good Shows to be Seen

*Left:* "*Lucky Break,*" *at the Strand Theatre*

*Two scenes from the new musical comedy at the Strand Theatre, in which Leslie Henson is the bright particular star. Entitled "Lucky Break," the book has been based on an American play by Douglas Furber. On the far left are Phyllis Stanley and Leslie Henson, while on the left are Adèle Dixon, Sydney Fairbrother, Leslie Henson, June Clyde, and Heather Thatcher, who here returns to the stage from film-land*

*Below:* "*Moonlight is Silver,*" *at the Queen's Theatre*

*Three principals in Clemence Dane's new comedy. Josephine (Gertrude Lawrence), a wife who suffers from a jealous husband: Charles Lankaster (Barry Jones), who is erroneously supposed to be her lover: and Stephen (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), the stupid, jealous husband, who, between them, form the matrimonial triangle out of which emerges much amusement and one strong scene*

*Dorothy Wilding*

*St. James's Theatre*

"ÉTUDE DE NU"

*This fine example of sculptural photography is one of the three studies of the nude shown by Pierre Adam, a French photographer, in the London Salon of Photography 1934 Exhibition. The Exhibition, which has been open in Pall Mall East since early September, closed last Saturday*

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H.P.

*A Record-Breaker Honoured at Southampton*

*Earl Howe, the racing motorist, was one of the guests at a luncheon given at Southampton to Mr. Hubert Scott-Payne, the motor-boat racer, after breaking several records at Venice. With him is Mrs. Scott-Payne*

*Mr. Scott-Payne, the record-breaking motor-boat racer, who made a world's record for single-engined boats, and became the winner of the Count Volpi and Crown Prince of Italy's Cup*

# Sport with the Lid Off

## By "Mark Over"

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared from the international sport "wars," it is well to take a look back. And straightway we can congratulate ourselves on a pretty brave showing in lawn tennis, golf, boxing, and—even in cricket!

First, there is tennis. We had Fred Perry blazing new trails at Wimbledon; and, too, there came Britain's successful defence of the Davis Cup in face of the American challenge. Without a doubt, Perry is the world's No. 1 in tennis; but when it comes to team-work, I take off my hat to the sterling displays of "Bunny" Austin.

Austin, when adventuring in the Davis Cup competition, is one of the best ever—certainly he is a 100 per cent. better player than when he figures in championship matches. Just how much we owe to him in that Challenge Round against America cannot be adequately estimated. Do you remember his devastating victory in straight sets over the tall Frank Shields? Austin was at his brilliant best then; he not only swept Shields off the court, but broke the morale of the Americans. After his great gesture, the rest was comparatively easy.

And now I want to pay a tribute to the effective work of Daniel Maskell. This British professional helped enormously to tune up our Davis Cup players for their match against America. In fact, "Danny" Maskell, by his advice both on and off the court, not only did much to retain the Davis Cup, but, in the first place, helped Britain win the trophy from France in that hectic match in Paris a year ago.

However, there it was; we kept the Davis Cup for another twelve months at least. And unless I am very much mistaken, we'll be keeping it for some time to come. For as I go among our star tennis players, I am struck by the new outlook—the new angle, as it were—on international tennis. No longer is there the feeling that the foreigner is the better man: Fred Perry and his Davis Cup colleagues have killed that complex once and for all, I trust.

Of course, we know just how Perry packed his rackets and crossed the Atlantic and retained the American title. What a wonderful season this big-hearted young man has had! It would seem churlish to criticise Perry after his brilliant series of victories, but the thought does occur to me that he is rather overdoing things. It seems that he follows the sun in search of tennis. A splendid life, perhaps, but is this ceaseless strain going to tell on his magnificent physique before long?

As yet, Perry is showing no signs of tiredness or strain. But in the end Nature is going to take the set—that is, if our champion does not take things a little easier.

We have seen just how intensive tournament play took its toll of that great stylist, Jack Crawford: at Wimbledon, Crawford reached the final all right, but there is little doubt that he was a very tired man. Wasn't it Gandar Dower who said of Crawford that his nerves seemed to be crying out for a rest from the game? And so it proved. Had the Australian "laid off" tennis—if I may use the term—for a month or so before the Wimbledon fortnight, he would, I think, have given Perry a very much stiffer test in the final.

Still, there it is, Perry has gone on trailing clouds of glory. Our women players helped him in the great British revival. I think first of plucky little Miss Peggy Scriven playing Miss Helen Jacobs in the final of the French Women's Championship at the Stade Roland Garros. Miss Scriven had set her heart on retaining the title; this she did, despite the fact that she had to meet all-conquering Miss Jacobs in the last phase.

Well, Miss Scriven did the trick all right. And by her triumph she went a long way, I feel sure, towards Miss Dorothy Round carrying off the British title at Wimbledon later on in the summer. She showed conclusively that Miss Jacobs, good as she was—and is—was not unbeatable. So Miss Round met the American girl with increased confidence . . . and the rest of the story you know.

As with tennis, so with golf. After that really terrible débâcle of our amateur stock at the hands of the Americans in the Walker Cup match, and Lawson Little's romp away with the "Open" title of the Great Unpaid, Henry Cotton bobbed up to stop the rot, so to speak. Very effectively he did it, at that.

Cotton's performance in the British "Open" was just what I was waiting for. Too often in the past this great golfer was the victim of a petty "hate" among certain sections of golf galleries; indeed, it became so bad that I once christened Cotton as the Golfer You Love to Hate! I recall how some so-called sportsmen and sportswomen cheered wildly when he missed a vital putt in a big-money tournament. It was a last-green drama. Cotton's putt went much the way mine seem to go. Cheers went up. And then Cotton very quietly turned to the crowd and jerked out: "Very funny, I suppose!"

Our new "Open" Champion had his nerves well under control at that time. But there have been occasions in the past when his temperament has, momentarily, got the better of him. Indeed, it was temperament, and nothing else, which, I am firmly convinced, lost him more than one major prize.

But that was in the long ago. This year, Cotton was as inscrutable as the

*A Rugby Derby in the Provinces*

*Provincial Rugby clubs take the game very seriously, and never more so than when they meet comparatively near neighbours, when spectators can be assured of seeing a "needle" match. The picture above shows an incident in such a one when Plymouth Albion entertained Cambourne at Plymouth. The result was a draw*

*Teaching the Young Idea*

*Mr. A. F. Hamilton Smythe, famous "Rugger" player and Cambridge double Blue, is the sports master at Maiden Erleigh School, near Reading. He is seen giving some of the boys a few hints in passing*

Sphinx: he had got his nervous system as perfectly controlled as his swing. A very wise man is Cotton, for I understand that he is taking a well-earned rest from competitive golf. He has, it seems, seen the danger signs of staleness, and, unlike so many more sports stars, is not going to burn himself out.

THAT 's one side of the British sport picture. There is another, and one which the apostles of gloom are thrusting before us pretty blatantly just lately. There were the "Ashes," or "Ashes—and Dust," as the very excellent D. R. Jardine has so succinctly put it in his new book. They 're Australia-bound now. And that 's that.

I have written much on Test cricket, and will not enlarge on it here, except to say that our Selectors must, in future, plump for a youth policy. Young cricketers worthy of Test honours never had a real chance in the summer whose glory is now waning as the leaves turn brown. But in the seasons ahead of us the mandarins who sit in state at Lord's must think of the Humans, and the James Langridges and the Smiths of Middlesex. These young men, I feel sure, will help England to bring home the "Ashes" in the years ahead.

THE curtain was rung down on a great season of international sport rivalry by the America's Cup races.

Very noble was Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's bid for the trophy. I, for one, refuse to blame his Corinthian crew for the defeat of Endeavour in the series of races with Rainbow. Those amateurs, recruited practically on the eve of the challenger's trip across the Atlantic, did exceptionally well in the circumstances.

If we must look for a reason for Endeavour's defeat, I believe it is to be found in the manner in which the Americans prepared the Cup defender. More is likely to be heard of the way in which Rainbow was fitted with certain gear *below deck*; for, speaking bluntly, the American interpretation of the rules governing the America's Cup were widely different from our own. In fact, Rainbow was apparently not very much less a racing "freak" than some of her predecessors.

AND now to "Soccer," with a word of praise to the English Selectors for their decision to stand by youth in the international match against Wales at Cardiff. All the Welsh fervour—and 50,000 Welsh throats—couldn't stop the eager-raiding attack England put into the field. It was a great match. Wales always make a game fight. But there was just that steadiness among the England forwards that swayed the match against the Welshmen.

(Continued on page vi)

*Above: Miss Joan Ridley and Dr. E. U. Williams; Right: H. W. Austin and Mrs. Austin; Far right: Captain Hope Crisp, all competitors in the Eighteenth Annual Lawn Tennis Players' Golf Competition for Lord Desborough's Cup held on the West Hill Links, Woking. Captain Hope Crisp won the Mixed Doubles with Mrs. C. O. Tuckey in 1913, and the loss of a leg in the war has never prevented him playing either lawn tennis or golf*

*Lawn Tennis Players at Golf*

# Get Your Skates!

## The Ice Club, Westminster, Re-opened Last Week

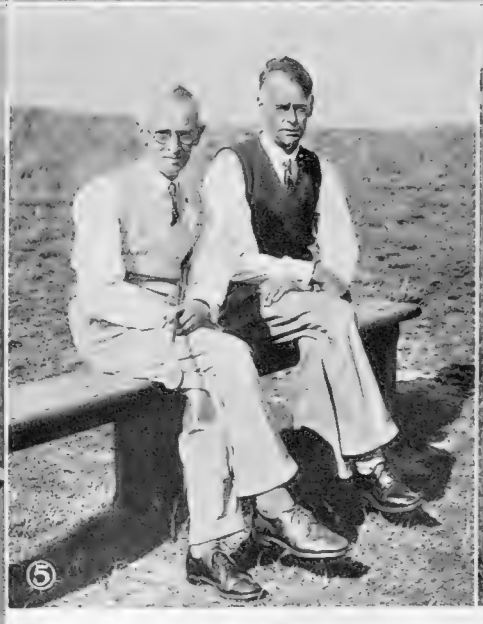
*Above: Fraulein Melitta Brunner, who is an N.S.A. Gold Medallist, gave a brilliant skating display as part of the opening night programme at the Ice Club. She was as much applauded for her charm as her skating*

*Molly Bishop making a sketch of Miss Guinevere Grant, Lady (Hamilton) Grant's younger daughter, who came out this year. She was on the rink for the straight skating and waltzing intervals between the display events*

*Right: Miss Joan Cope and Mr. Neville Leyton, who is a Cambridge tennis Blue, dined on the balcony and watched the rink between and during courses*

*Mr. George Astley, his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Melton Astley, whose husband is Lord Hastings' brother, and Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar, a well-known Australian hostess, who is going to entertain a good deal in London*

*Another party dining on the balcony on the opening night were Miss Greta Midgley, Miss Betty Rushby, and Mr. Bullimore, who all watched with great interest, particularly the comic events—a backward candle-race and a balloon race*



# The Medical Golfing Society

## Meeting at the Royal Cinque Ports Club, Deal

*(1) P. F. Senier and Dr. D. A. Davies. (2) Dr. Landale Clark and Dr. E. C. Seward. (3) Dr. J. L. Livingstone and John Everidge. (4) P. Kolesar and Dr. D. Craig, winner of the Canny Ryall Cup. (5) Dr. J. L. Jackson and Dr. Lamplough. (6) McKim McCullagh and R. Lindsay Rea. (7) A quartette, S. J. Holford, T. Stordy, G. Armitage, and Dr. J. H. Dick*

*The "Bystander" Book Shelf*

# Mr. A. A. Milne's Peace Plan

By Alan Thomas

MR. A. A. MILNE has now put in his word on the problem of peace and war. And a very noble word it is, too. His book is called *Peace With Honour* (Methuen; 5*s*.). He starts off by debunking the old ideas of "national honour," "national prestige," the Thin Red Line, and all that. After this he has a whack at the Church—easy game, especially if you can write like Mr. Milne. He then plays around a bit with the old idea—dishing it up most attractively in modern guise—that on the outbreak of war, the leaders in every country—i.e., the people who actually declare war—should be the first to suffer. And then, after some pungent chapters on Human Nature, Aggression and Defence, Fascism, etc., he launches his own Peace Plan. This involves (1) the realisation that universal peace is a vital necessity to Europe; (2) conditional acceptance of peace if certain claims are satisfied (e.g., the Germans might claim the restoration of their colonies); (3) settlement of claims; (4) complete renunciation both of aggression and defence—the oath of renunciation to be taken with all possible ceremony by the head of each State. Under these conditions, it would, Mr. Milne argues, be a moral impossibility for a nation to break its pledge. But even if it were not impossible, nations should take the risk of it, for a cause higher than any national cause, the cause of humanity.

I read Mr. Milne's book in the rôle of a character which he frequently introduces into its pages, that of the Sympathetic Reader—the tremendously sympathetic reader. Of course, Mr. Milne's ideas are the only practical ones, just as the only practical advice for our life here on earth is that Perfect Love casteth out fear. The only question is: When are men going to be practical? Meanwhile, those who care for peace and are striving for it along less unworldly and, as they think, more immediately realisable lines, will be grateful to Mr. Milne. For he has written a book that will make people think. And that is the great thing.

WHILE we are on the subject of peace and war, I take the opportunity of mentioning a book that no serious student of the Great War, its origins, its story, and its lessons, can afford to miss. I refer to *A History of the World War*, 1914-1918, by Captain Liddell Hart (Faber and Faber; 8*s*. 6*d*.). This is a revised and enlarged edition of his book *The Real War*, which appeared rather more than four years ago; and it is undoubtedly one of the most authoritative and penetrating histories of the war that has yet been written. It is also extremely readable.

Captain Liddell Hart is a distinguished military historian, and it is hardly for one of the P.B.I. to question, or to confirm, his accuracy on points of detail. I write, therefore, at some risk of offending when I say that I read with peculiar interest and care those parts of his book dealing with events in which I was personally involved, and that, down to the smallest detail, I found Captain Liddell Hart's descriptions absolutely accurate.

*Captain B. H. Liddell Hart*

*Whose new book, "The Real War," has just been published and is reviewed on this page*

"MASTER SANGUINE," by Ivor Brown (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s*. 6*d*.), is a first-class piece of satire. The hero is one who always believes what he is told, and the book is a narrative of his journey through this crazy world. Ample scope here for Mr. Brown's sniping. The infant Sanguine, whose father is a Licentiate of Precocious Psychology as well as a lecturer on The Infantile Libido, and whose mother is a Doctor of Pædosophy and holder of the European Diploma of Maternal Technique, is consigned first to the Liberal Academy of Dr. Junck-Vorwarts, the idealist pedagogue, where "since there were no rules, the children could never disobey. Since there was no work, they could never be idle. Since there was no sanatorium, they could never be ill." From the care (or neglect) of Dr. Junck-Vorwarts our hero is transferred to Leatherham College, presided over by the super-athlete, Mr. Stumper Sloggett. Here, under the naïve impression that one plays a game to win, he actually cheats at cricket! And so, after a sojourn at Whipstock Hall, where he does some practical work under the gifted Mr. Pilfer, he goes to Chastity Hall, Oxford (his grandfather, who is an old Chastity man, facilitates his entrance), where a flirtatious undergraduette brings about his downfall. Still Sanguine, he abandons his academic career and embarks on Life. He goes to literary parties, he travels in Europe, finds his way into casinos, nudist colonies, and gaols; has a taste of modern warfare, modern film industries, and modern democracy—all of which (as well as Master Sanguine's unfortunate encounters with various young ladies) provide Mr. Brown with targets for his wit.

The book, I see, is dedicated to Mr. A. G. Macdonell, who appears to have let fall some kindly words on the subject of Voltaire. Did he, I wonder, suggest that Mr. Ivor Brown might become the Voltaire of our age? Anyway, the flavour of *Master Sanguine* is such that the author's middle name might well be Arouet.

"INTERLUDE FOR SALLY," by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Heinemann; 8*s*. 6*d*.), is a delightful book. It is likely to set many housewives yearning for the unattainable, for it continues the story of Sally Dunn, that paragon of domestics, which Mrs. Seymour began in *Maids and Mistresses*. In the new book, Sally comes to the rescue of Eliot Merril, R.A., his wife, Lorna, and their six children. They are living in Hampshire, vainly endeavouring to find peace and quiet in the country. Not the least of their difficulties is their inability to get and to keep maids. But that trouble dissolves when Sally appears with her genius for service and her amazing kindness and efficiency. She runs like a steady undercurrent through the main story of the book, which tells of the turbulent lives of the Merrils—turbulent, because "modernity" in parents is no more immune than "stuffiness" from the onslaughts of the younger generation; and the six Merril children managed to present their father and mother with some very pretty problems. Sally, however, with her serenity and common sense was always ready to help, whether it meant finding food for the hungry at any hour of the day or night, or taking a forlorn baby under her wing.

Although in *Interlude for Sally* Mrs. Seymour limits her story to one rather unconventional family and its servant, yet, in its appeal, the book is unconfined. It is, too, a very satisfying novel.

# Fashions

by Jean Burnup

HERE is a versatile outfit from Marshall and Snelgrove. Not only does it play three parts, most successfully, but it suits as many moods as you are likely to have in an evening.

First of all, it appears as a black velvet skirt, with a short-sleeved, pale gold figured lamé blouse, slit up the back, and tying eccentrically around the waist with a bold red flowing sash. All correct for bridge, cocktails, dinner, a party.

Put on the short swinging coat, lamé lined with black velvet, or black velvet lined with lamé, it works both ways. You are all set for dining out, the movies, the theatre, and you look evening-tailored, in the new manner. (*Picture at the right.*)

Discard coat and blouse, you are left in a super-dress, streamlined black velvet. (*Picture above.*)

*Photographs by Helen MacGregor.*

# Around the London Dress Parades

AT the top of the left-hand page is a three-piece suit in dark green Irish tweed. The cape takes off, leaving as smart an effect beneath, for a little red scarf tucks in at the neck. The leather fastenings are shaped like great hooks and eyes. *Aquascutum.*

BELOW it, at the extreme left, is a jaunty suit in oatmeal tweed. The swinging coat has a box pleat at the back, and fastens under a plain collar with three wooden buttons. The skirt fits tightly, but grades down into a slight flare. *Victor Stiebel.*

THE woollen dress with the interesting fringed scarf collar, is a beautiful shade of prune. One half of the scarf is powder blue. The tunic dress is grape woollen, with a satin neck sash of the lighter purple shades. The buttons are metal coins. Both are *Matita* models.

AT the extreme left of this page is an afternoon suit in black woollen, beaver trimmed. The dress has a beaver coloured chiffon bow at the neck, and is heavily scalloped with beaver at the hem. The short fitting coat has deep wide beaver cuffs and a flat collar. *Norman Hartnell.*

NEXT door is a grey cloth coat with a broad band of grey moiré lamb forming a soft neckline and continuing grandly all the way down one side. A half-belt fastens it. *Worth.*

THE tunic dress above is very Russian with its big bloused sleeves and deep sash. It is silk and wool mixture, tomato-coloured, with a horizontal pattern of fine black lines. Slit up each side. Worn over a narrow black woollen skirt. A *Dorville* model

AT the top right is a very smart suit in a nubbly black woollen. The short coat fits in front, and then flies out at the back into loose, cape-like lines. The skirt is tight most of the way down, then it copies the coat and swings into fullness at the back. *Fortnum & Mason.*

*Old Stagers and Young Ones on the Football Field*

*Dr. W. E. Tucker, of Cambridge, and English International, taking a line for his old club, Blackheath*

*Dr. D. J. MacMyn, a former Scottish International, the referee in the Blackheath and Birkenhead Park match at Blackheath*

*Mr. Pemberton, the Birkenhead linesman, and G. L. Gibson, the Birkenhead three-quarter, at the Blackheath - Birkenhead match*

*H. Lind, another Scottish International, who played for London Scottish v. O. M. T.s at Richmond*

# Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

I saw a game of Rugby football the other day which was a queer mixture of good and evil. It was definitely good from the spectators' point of view, and I dare say the players, despite a ground unsympathetically hard, found pleasure in it also.

What was wrong, then? Merely the conflict between the old ideas and the new. I begin to wonder whether I do not need a little Voronoff treatment where my attitude to Rugby football is concerned. Here was a game—Blackheath and Birkenhead Park were the teams—which was fast, lively and crammed with individual cleverness. Great fun, in many ways, and why should we grumble while there is fun in a game nowadays?

For all that, as I motored home through the rural charms of Coldharbour Lane, I found myself puzzling considerably. Blackheath had scored some pretty tries, and so had the Park, but they were tries with no tradition behind them, so to speak.

The roots of these tries were not to be discovered in the honest soil of scrummaging; they were, indeed, tries without root, initiated by individual speed and opportunism. I am old-fashioned enough to look for a plan of campaign behind my Rugby football. Perhaps Blackheath had a plan. Perhaps they had decided to run the Park off their feet, and then snatch what openings came their way.

But I think, or I thought, at any rate, that there should be more to it than that. A team should try to work with some unity, and the forwards should have more part in tactics than skirmishing duties. Certainly, as skirmishers the Blackheath back row take some beating. Bailey, Kemp and Cridlan are artists at their job, and Kemp, in particular, must have caught the collective eye of the two Selectors who were present that Saturday.

Even so, there is still something missing. A stand-off half or a centre, in these days, is an isolated unit. Beyond running like a stag for any opening which presents itself, or, failing that, experimenting with the short kick, his range of action is left to individual inspiration. Drawing a man, straightening the attack, giving his wing three-quarter a run for the line, these queer ideas are stuffed away with the antimacassars, the wax fruit, the bric-à-brac of the Victorian era. The modern mid-field player is always trying to extricate himself from a crowd. There is a kind of traffic block in mid-field, a clutter of quick-breaking forwards, a jam of half-backs and centres who have been allowed by slow heeling and passing from the scrummage to race right up in defence.

In game after game we see the same thing—a general congestion broken by sudden enterprising sallies from the ruck. None of the old smoothness and balanced precision in attack, none of the beautifully poised running and swerving. We are, I think, developing a new type of player behind the scrummage, a thick-set, powerful, thrusting type, quick off the mark, well adapted for the sudden twist and dash and the break-through in battering-ram style.

This is theorising, perhaps, but it has its interest, and the point I wish to make is this: if there is some sort of truth in these theories, should we resist the new developments, or is it wiser to join in and do what we can to bring them to their logical conclusions?

I have always felt that the game which was good enough for the Stoops and the Poultons, the Gwyn Nicholls and the Basil Maclears, was good enough for us. We should, it seemed to me, find a way out of our perplexities by moving backwards, whereas to go forwards would be to pull the entanglements closer round us still. Backwards to scrummaging and shoving and intelligent back-row work, instead of forward to mobile packs and negative defence and disintegration. Look at the old scrummage—an orderly pack, part of an orderly plan. Look at the modern scrummage—untidy, ragged, prepared to split into the separate units of an un-co-ordinated whole.

But there—I merely throw open the subject for discussion. I am quite prepared to be convinced that progress is progress, and that I must shave off my whiskers. It would be interesting, all the same, to know where the ultra-modernist sees the game ultimately steering. The difficulty is that, when the scrummage becomes, by the processes of evolution, merely a courtesy formation, a traditional method of restarting the game, the field will become too crowded. Shall we have to reduce the number of players? Are seven-a-sides prophetic reflections of the shape the game must take?

Now enough of that. There have been some enlightening results in club matches recently. The Harlequins won a notable victory at Bath, largely through their quick-breaking forwards. The Old Millhillians held the redoubtable Northampton team to a draw, mainly because, in R. S. Spong, they have a stand-off half of the new type, uncommonly strong, quick off the mark, and individually brilliant.

I wonder whether Spong will return to representative football this winter, possibly bringing C. E. M. Wiggins, the Old Millhillians scrum-half, with him? A great-hearted player, Spong, if ever there was one. Northampton, by the way, have, in R. O. Baillon, a young full-back of more than ordinary promise. I am told, too, that R. J. Barr, of Leicester, who played for England in 1932, is in fine form this year

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*Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme*

# Washington, Woodhall and Seacroft

*Left: Surrey, winners of the L.G.U. County Championship. Back: the Misses P. Doran, M. Peech, M. Barton; front: Miss N. Halsted, Mrs. Peel, Miss J. Hamilton, Miss D. Fish*

*Yorkshire, the holders, were the runners-up in this year's Ladies' Golf Union County Championship at Seacroft, Skegness. They were beaten by Surrey 5—2. Back row: Miss C. Rowland, Miss J. N. Fowler, Miss B. Lees, Miss Campenett, Mrs. E. Swinscoe; front: Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss M. Wragg, Mrs. C. Kitson (Captain), Miss M. Johnson*

Dear Bystander,

Once again—this seems to happen every time we play U.S.A.—I suppose it should be my patriotic duty to shed tears over the smashing defeat of our team for the Curtis Cup. It is all most distressing, particularly after a comparatively good start in halving the foursomes. But I do dislike tears, and on this lovely afternoon, with the sun shining, and the Seacroft greens so perfect that the putts go in from everywhere, they would seem a positive insult to one's pleasant surroundings. Besides, we know no real details yet. All the American team may have played quite superbly to account for our only being able to win one foursome, one single, and halve one foursome, whilst losing one foursome and five singles. My own feeling is that we still have not got a young enough team. I know that may sound stupid, when the only person to win both foursome and single is Mrs. J. B. Walker, who is the oldest member of it. But then she is young in golf; she took up the game only a few years ago, which makes all the difference. It 's the " 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road " of championship golf, year in year out, which breaks the heart of the golfer, particularly if only limited success comes her way; and that is, I believe, why we lost. When we can put a team into the field full of youth, and confidence, then we shall win. I should like to hope that we might annex the American Championship, by way of compensation, but that is, perhaps, rather much to ask. I may be an optimist, but there are limits to optimism.

When I left off to you last week, I was at Woodhall Spa, and the final of the Central England Open Mixed Foursomes was still to be played. I believe I rashly prophesied that Miss Ann de Montmorency and Mr. John Morrison would win, and for once such foolhardiness was right. They did, by 4 and 3 over thirty-six holes played on level terms, and very thoroughly they deserved it. Miss Betty Frost and Mr. Tom Day had some very brilliant moments, but there were others, especially on the green, where previously both had shone. Half-way through the morning it looked as if a procession was inevitable, but they rallied bravely and lunched no more than two down, so we had plenty of fun still in the afternoon. Altogether a very pleasant fixture, which will, no doubt, grow in popularity year by year.

I wonder if the winners are going to travel a little further North at the end of the month and see if their luck holds good at the Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes? Those are scratch, Woodhall are under handicap, and both are equally to be recommended for those who want cheery week-end golf.

From Woodhall on, thirty miles further east, to Seacroft, a course I had not seen for a number of years, and have returned to with the utmost delight. Some people say it is blind; it certainly can be if you take the wrong line to the hole, but if you know where you mean to go, and go there, there is hardly a hole where you cannot see the pin by the time you are within shot of it; it is genuine seaside golf, of the rolling stance and natural green genus, and the greens are simply perfection, neither too fast nor too slow, true as steel, and with those natural slopes which may keep you thinking, but never guessing, unless your eye is completely out. I suppose the people who get beaten will find something to complain about, but nobody else will, and even losers will agree that, for hospitality, no club can teach Seacroft anything. Did you ever hear of a club that sent out cars along the road beside the course to bring back jaded players who went to twentieth holes? That i what has been happening here, and Miss Jean Hamilton brought down the house when she referred to it in her neat little speech at the presentation of the County Shield. She captained Surrey, who won for the tenth time in thirty-one years. By the time you read this, County finals will have faded in the excitement of the English Close Championship, but at the moment Seacroft is very full of admiration for the great golf played by Mrs. Peel, who attracted attention when she was little Miss Marjorie Thomas, with her hair down, going near to winning our first Bystander Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry ten years ago. Since then she has been not far off winning the Scottish and Surrey Championships. With Miss Gourlay and Miss Pam Barton out of the country there was no disputing her right to lead Surrey, and she showed herself entirely equal to the occasion by winning all three matches. The first one, against Glamorgan, was a struggle, for she was pulled back from dormy two by Miss Jestyn Jeffreys' brilliant, 3 at the seventeenth and 4 at the eighteenth, and only won at the twentieth after being bunkered. The second, against Miss Mary Johnson, the Yorkshire champion, was made surprisingly easy by the brilliance of Mrs. Peel herself in the early stages, so that she was four up at the eighth and won by 4 and 3, and though Mrs. Peppercorn, for Warwickshire, took her a hole further, that match, too, never looked like anything but a win for Mrs. Peel. She not only drove magnificently, but her irons and her putting were splendid. Miss Jean Hamilton, after losing to Miss Pyman, 3 and 1, beat Miss Wragg, 3 and 2, and then came up with a rush at the end to beat Miss Fyshe at the nineteenth, never having been up since the moment she had left that green two hours earlier. Mrs. Fish, struggling through a patch of bad putting which nearly nullified a fine long game, won two of her matches; Miss Nancy Halsted won two; Miss Mervyn Barton won two; Miss Doran and Miss Peech, like Mrs. Peel, won all three. It was a good young victory. Yorkshire, who were second, secured a fine, sound team in their own division, but Surrey had youth on their side.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

*The "spoon" results for September will appear next week.*

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# Gun-Fitting and Shoulder-Fitting

By Max Baker

*Mr. G. H. Fairhurst's grouse shoot over the Morven Moor, near Ballater, Aberdeenshire. His party are seen moving up to the moors and in the distance are the Grampians*

*Below: Lord Effingham in one of the butts on Tarribuckle Moor, Angus, waiting for the drive*

SHOOTING differs from practically all other sports in the fact that not only is personal skill hardly ever mentioned, but there is no searching or comparative test by which ability can be graded. Just a few names are, from time to time, listed as at the very top, though if the individuals concerned were directly charged with the offence their answer would be evasive. Although shooting is one of the most fascinating of sports for the participants, it does not make a good spectacle, nor do its conditions permit of the presence of a gallery. Hence, its doings are not reported by the Press, nor are its performers subject to independent praise and criticism. The atmosphere, almost of secrecy, in which its operations are conducted begets the query as to what standard of skill is reached by its votaries and how their skill compares relatively with that of other sports.

DOES the curtain hide a mediocrity that is best not revealed, or are the rank and file so good that they fondly nurse this one exception to the modern rule of blatant publicity? The position appears to be that whilst many shooters are really good, the remainder fail to soar higher than would be classed as moderate, so far as outside comparisons are possible. Let us admit from the start that shooting is difficult and, although a strenuous physical exercise, is largely patronised by persons doing sedentary work. Probably the greatest single cause of shooting not being as good as it might be, in spite of the handicaps of modern conditions of life, is the belief that, so long as a gun has been properly fitted by an expert, it is imbued with self-aiming properties which save the necessity of any but the most occasional practice and hardly any sustained self-education.

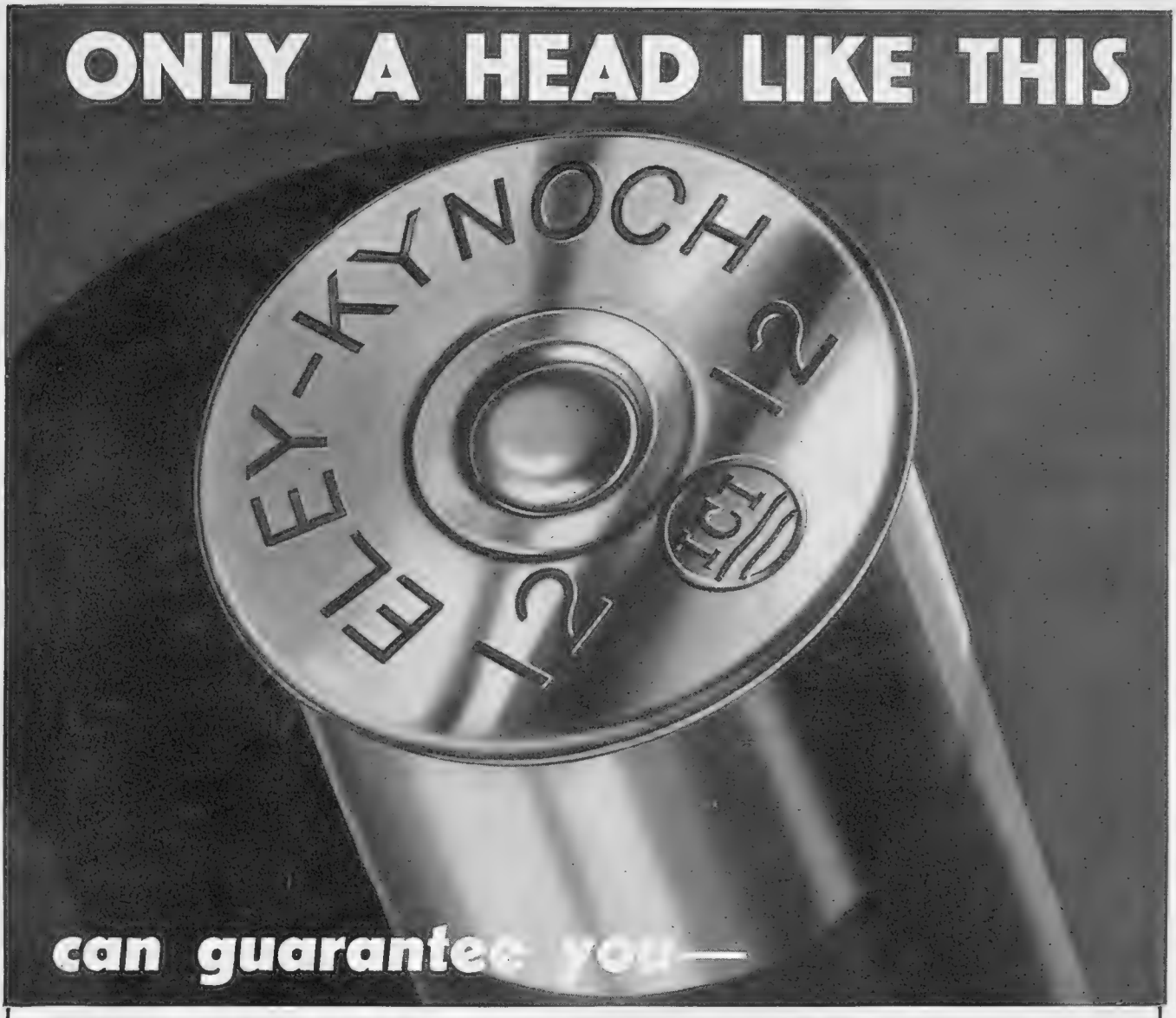
GRANTING that a correctly fitted gun is half the battle, the other half may be defined as personal self-fitting to the gun, this being entirely apart from the more external problems of marksmanship. A man who stands naturally upright, with straight neck and inflexible shoulders, may be correctly posed for a statue, but he simply cannot be fitted for a gun that beds nicely into the shoulder, aligns naturally with the eye, and provides sufficient face-contact to preserve these adjustments during swing. Probably the most perfect style in gun-mounting is to be witnessed in gun-makers' shops, where the assistants are always making their simple-looking tests. They are in no wise deformed, yet, in some curious way, their bodies seem to be specially shaped for snuggling into a gun. If their action is closely watched, these expert handlers, whether indoors or at the ranges, seem to shape themselves beforehand, so that almost all styles of gun-shape come into natural alignment. From the sportsman much less is asked. He starts with a gun that suits him in every way; but, that condition met, he simply must contribute the final processes. Should unyielding shoulders and neck refuse their task, the present tendency is to assume some fault in gun shape, seldom or never to wonder whether the pose is too stiff and unaccommodating.

BESIDES golf there are few exercises that keep the shoulder joints in proper flexible condition such as is necessary for shooting. Bathroom exercises excuse a multitude of laziness, but they cannot, even when faithfully carried out, produce all the body suppleness needed in shooting. Periodic bouts of log-sawing, swinging an axe, digging with a spade, planing of obstinate timber, rowing, and such-like forgotten enthusiasms, may be instanced as appropriate to the object in view. At the moment, such horrible drudgery is relegated to machines or paid labour. Swimming is said to be a perfect exercise, but, like shooting, its total of hours in a year is so small as to need reinforcement if all-round fitness is to be gained. The mere carrying of a gun is extremely valuable practice, but can hardly be indulged in the streets. The late Dr. Heath, who was a great enthusiast, got over the obstacle by carrying a steel rod made up in walking-stick form.

IF shooting men who sense the handicap of insufficient practice could only be induced to keep a gun in the bathroom for a daily or weekly bout of alignment practice, less would be heard of disappointing stock-fit. One's own particular guns are so precious that they lie carefully oiled in their case and are seldom or never removed except for actual use. A second-hand gun of the same approximate fit could be kept for this kind of drill, ready assembled and leaning in a corner of the wardrobe. Frequent handling of some such replica would prove that fit is not everything.

THE obstacles to getting as much of the real thing as is necessary to attain full efficiency in so difficult an exercise as shooting undoubtedly is, are, first, the noise, that restricts possible places of indulgence; and, second, when the first difficulty has been overcome, the scarcity of natural marks. True, there are the shooting-grounds, which are not patronised by more than a proportion of those needing their services, but additional to the valuable aid they render should be auxiliary exercises directed to breaking down the adhesions that a mechanised age induces.

# ONLY A HEAD LIKE THIS

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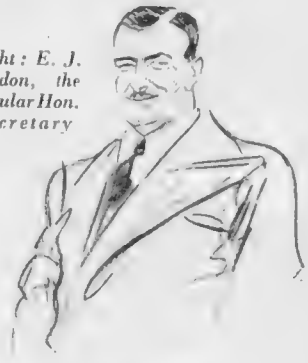
# Rugby Clubs at Home: Northampton—the "Saints"

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

"Brad" Bradley, the fly-half

L. to r.: "Barrel" York, W. M. Jackson, forward, "Matt" Matthews, the Skipper, "Rastus" Longland, front-row forward, English International



Right: E. J. Gordon, the popular Hon. Secretary

Right: "Dan" Lyons, attendant for sixteen years

"Chorley" Chorlton, a wing three-quarter

Right: "Sprigg" Baillon, Northampton's full-back

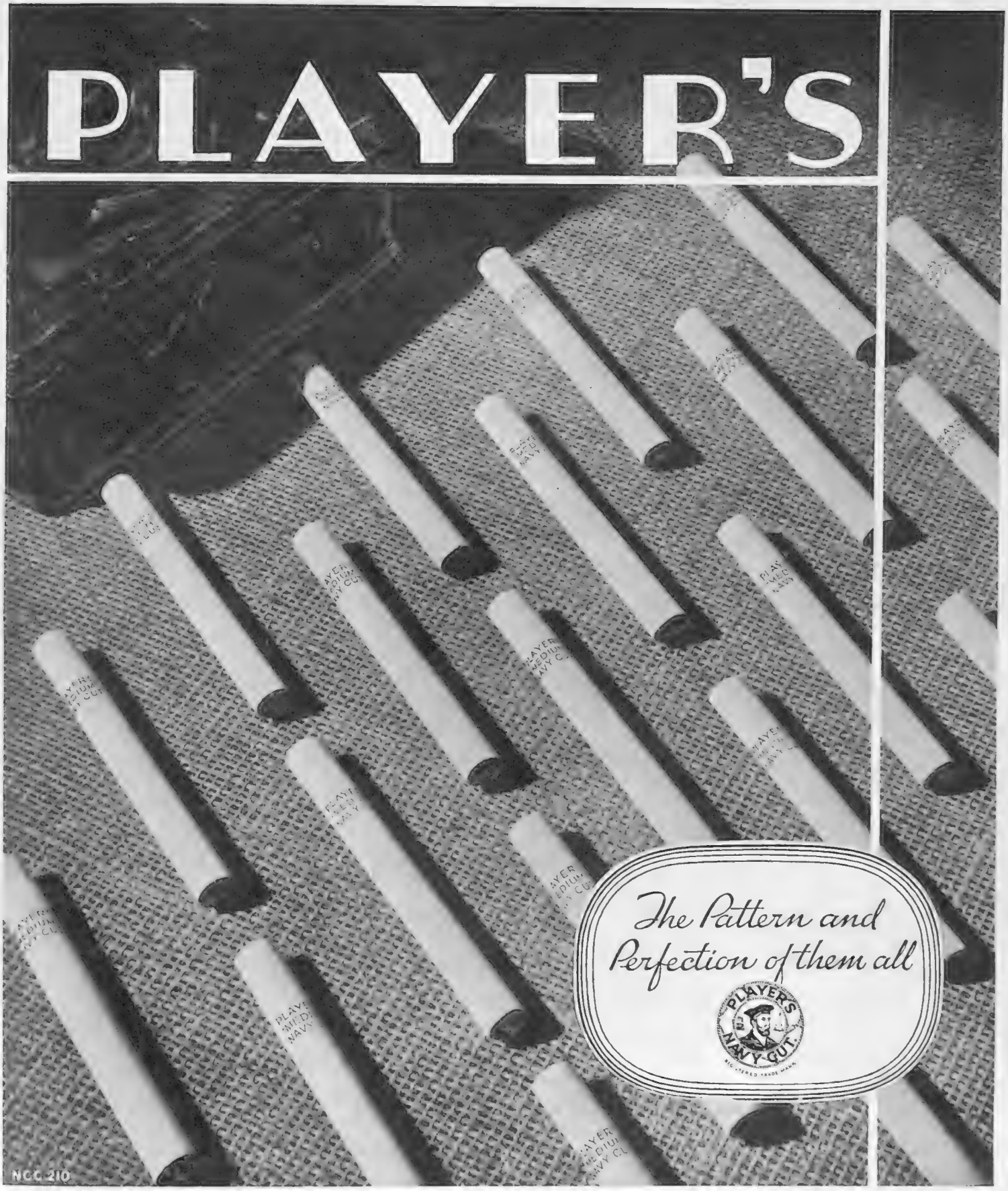
Tom Harris, England and East Midlands

Dennis King, wing three-quarter

Left: John Dicks and "Bo-Peep" Weston

Right: Brothers Peter and Edgar Palmer

H. Claude Palmer, the Club's President




PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2/5 100 FOR 4/8

# New 'Planes—Faster Services

By Charles Ward

*Left: Anthony Fokker, the world-famous aircraft designer, seen at Croydon with Commander Sillevis, who brought over the latest Royal Dutch air-liner, F.36. This has sleeping accommodation for sixteen passengers and will be used on the service to the East Indies*

*Below: Paris bound! Three passengers at Croydon walking out to the air-liner for the Continent. There are eight services in each direction between London and Paris every week day, with five on Sundays*

### *Desert Journeys*

CONTRARY to the information given in the Air France time-table for the autumn months, the local service between Damascus and Baghdad will operate once a week in each direction until further notice. It is a most useful connection for tourists in Palestine and residents in Iraq, the desert crossing taking but four hours, at a charge of £12. Tangiers and Algiers, both of which are near a desert, are included in the list of places for which Air France issues inclusive tour tickets. For those who would appreciate the thrill of a real desert journey and want to experience the terrifying monotony of thousands of miles of sand from the safety of an armchair on high, there is a fortnightly air-service across the Sahara from Colomb-Béchar to Cotonou. It is operated by the Cie. Générale Transsaharienne via Reggan, Bidon V. (which was a geographical point in a waste of sand until the Shell Company dumped its bidons of petrol and oil for adventurous motorists and aviators), Gao, and Niamey. All these names have appeared in the daily papers when Lady Bailey and the Mollisons made their flights to the Cape via the West Coast route, but are quickly forgotten, to reappear again in more prosaic form as halts on a regular air-route.

### *Autumn Books*

THE sixth edition of the *Air Annual of the British Empire*, published by Pitman's, is on sale at 21*s*. Edited, as in previous years, by Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, this work of reference has the familiarity of an old friend. Accurate and comprehensive, including authoritative chapters on Service as well as commercial aviation, beautifully illustrated, properly indexed, it gives the best account I know of British aviation to-day. No one who is interested in flying as a business can afford to be without the 1934-35 edition; and equally, it is a readable volume for students, journalists, and men of affairs, no matter whether aviation is their speciality or not. Two Blue Books have been published recently by the Air Ministry, both obtainable from the Stationery Office or through any bookseller. The first is the *Report on the Progress of Civil Aviation for* 1933, price 5*s*., and the second, the new edition of the *Air Pilot*, price 12*s*. 6*d*., postage being extra in each case. The *Report* contains a résumé and detailed statistics of all serious civil aviation activities in the country, with brief information from the Dominions and Colonies. Six large maps form a most welcome appendix. The *Air Pilot* is an essential guide to official regulations, and should be in the hands of all airport and aircraft operators and pilots.

### *The Royal Dutch*

AT one time, the Royal Dutch was an abbreviation of the name of a famous petroleum company, now absorbed in a larger group; to-day, the same expression means the Royal Dutch Air Lines or K.L.M. This company has achieved fame for the reliability of its services and for the success which has attended the operation of its route from Amsterdam to the East Indies. New aircraft for the route will make it the fastest service to the East by two or three days. The latest Fokker, F.36, came to Croydon a few days ago and was demonstrated to Air Ministry officials and transport experts. It has seats for thirty-two passengers or beds for sixteen, the latter being convertible to seats during the daytime. In size, it does not appear as large as our biggest air-liners, yet it cruises easily at 150 miles an hour, retaining a quick take-off and slow landing with the aid of trailing edge flaps. The second type to go into service is the Douglas, famous in the States as the liner which makes the trip from coast to coast in 18 hours. Mr. Plesman, managing director of K.L.M., told me that the Douglas entered for the Mac-Robertson Trophy Race will be flown with standard equipment. Its normal cruising speed is 190 miles an hour.

### *Preparations for the Great Race*

THE Royal Aero Club has issued a valuable guide-book for competitors in the race to Australia, and if one may judge from the reports of delay in starting for England by many of our Dominion and foreign competitors, some of them will take their first look at its pages after they leave Mildenhall on the actual journey itself. Amongst these will not be numbered James Melrose, the young Australian, who made such a fine flight to England at the end of September. Neville Stack's special "Airspeed" has flown and acquitted itself well, whilst its famous pilot has been slimming and generally getting into training by making non-stop flights to European capitals on any odd machine that was handy. Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, who pilots the Prince of Wales, is to fly in place of Bernard Rubin, who is ill. This addition to the strength of the de Havilland pilots should make the "Comet" team particularly formidable. The entrants of the other two "Comets" are Mr. A. O. Edwards, who runs Grosvenor House, and James Mollison, who will have his wife as co-pilot. R. J. P. Parer, the pilot of a Fairey "Fox," entered from New Guinea, made one of the earliest flights to Australia, and might therefore be described as a veteran on this route. The most knowledgeable competitors are the Dutch pilots of the Douglas, Parmentier and Moll, both of whom fly regularly to the East Indies. Although not expected to win the speed prize they should stand a good chance in the handicap.

The Six-Guinea double-breasted Town Overcoat. Navy Blue and Dark Oxford Grey. West of England cloth, lined throughout and most carefully tailored. We have other double-breasted Town Overcoats, in the same colours, at 5 and 8 guineas.

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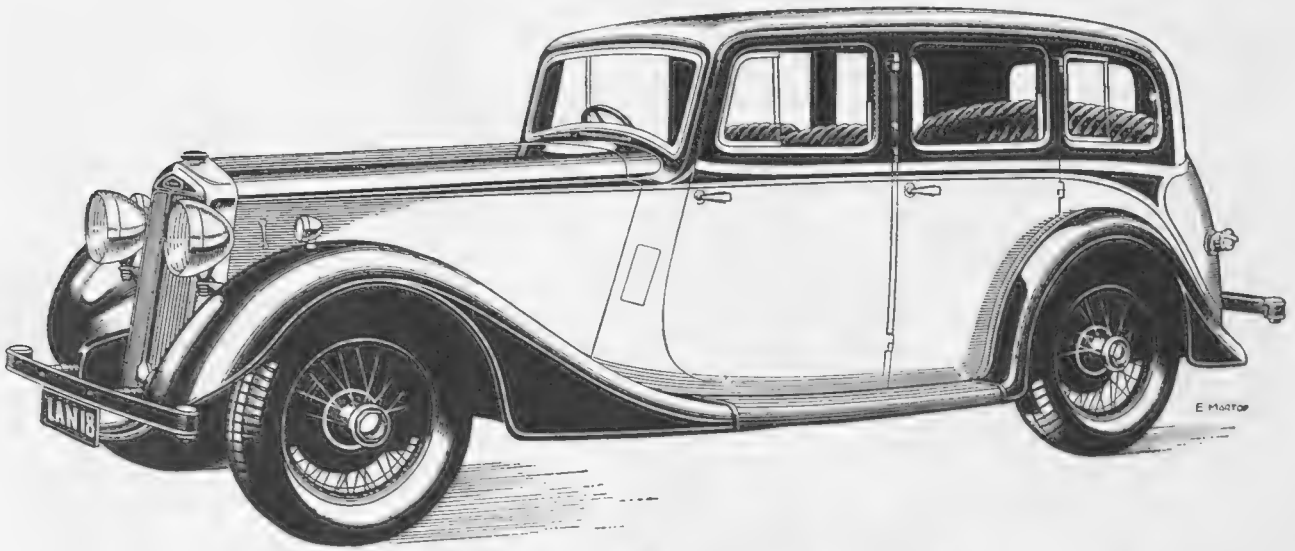
P. 15104

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

Lanchester Daimler B.S.A.

THE DAIMLER ENGINEERS PRESENT




# THE NEW Lanchester '18'

Is it to Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission that we owe the almost uncanny smoothness and silence of this car? Not altogether. There are other causes. There are the design and mounting of the engine, the devotion of the Daimler engineers and superiority of the materials they use, and their belief that the public expects a great deal of Daimler workmanship.

This brilliant new car has an outstanding feature in the design of its overhead-valve engine. The head and body of the cylinders are in one piece. Very briefly this means far less cylinder wear, less carbonisation, improved cooling, less 'servicing' and more economical running.

The smoothness and silence of this car must be experienced to be believed. There are five models—all with luxurious five-seater coachwork in the best modern manner.

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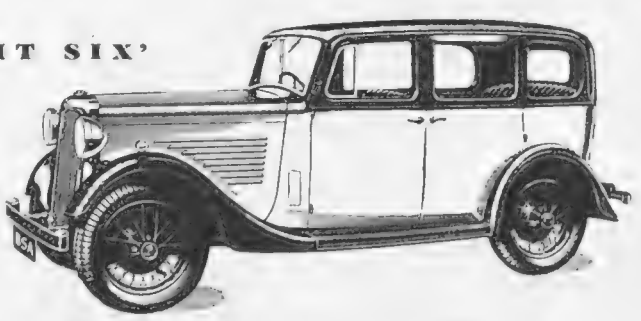
| SIX-LIGHT SALOON . . | (Model 316) | £589 |
| FOUR-LIGHT SALOON . . | (Model 317) | £595 |
| SIX-LIGHT SALOON DE LUXE . . . | (Model 318) | £710 |
| FOUR-LIGHT SALOON DE LUXE . . . | (Model 319) | £710 |
| 'WINGHAM' CABRIOLET | (Model 322) | £695 |

*Triplex Glass throughout*

## ★ NEW B.S.A. 'LIGHT SIX'

The B.S.A. '10' has proved itself in all conditions. It has 70 years of precision engineering experience behind it. This was the car that brought the blessings of Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission within nearly everyone's reach. *Here is its new and more powerful brother—a six-cylinder B.S.A.*—with an engine of similar design to the Lanchester '18'—an economical car to run (1935 tax, £9.0.0) and a brilliant performer.



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| SIX-LIGHT SALOON . | (Model 107) | £315 |
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*The complete Daimler, Lanchester & B.S.A. range*

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"BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION

Rolls-Royce—Bentley—Humber—Armstrong-Siddeley—Riley—Rover—Hillman—Vauxhall—Alvis—Talbot—Austin—Morris—Daimler

# "Special Features" for 1935

## Their New Cars Analysed By The Earl of Cardigan

*On Stand No. 91 will be found three exhibits of the 3½-litre Bentley, with coach-work of the saloon, folding-head coupé, and open touring types. That of the drop-head coupé is seen above, with Porchester Castle in the background. The lay-out of the chassis, owing to its very recent design and appearance on the market, remains unchanged, and readers will doubtless remember the triumph of this car in the Tourist Trophy Race in Belfast, in which the car made the highest average speed throughout the race of 78·40 m.p.h., and also did the fastest lap of the course of any car in the race at 81·15 m.p.h.*

*A Morris-Cowley "Six" Saloon, taken at Chillingford, Oxfordshire. In general, Morris cars are fitted with synchro-mesh gear-boxes, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, hydraulic shock-absorbers, Magna type wheels, and complete equipment, and are marvellous value for money. This is an ideal car for the family*

THERE are, I suppose, two main and obvious reasons which should impel motorists to pay a visit to this year's Motor Show. In the first place, most of us have in mind some particular car, destined to replace our present machine either now or at some time in the future. It is interesting to have a look at the 1935 edition of the car concerned, to observe its various attractive points, and to speculate pleasantly as to when we shall feel justified in making the exchange. There is also the opportunity to consider prices, to compare coachwork styles, and perhaps to discuss optional or extra fittings.

Here is one practical reason for going to Olympia. Alternatively, one may simply go in order to keep one's motoring knowledge and information up to date. This is a no less sensible motive; for there is no better place than Olympia for getting a comprehensive view of what motor manufacturers are doing. If one is at all interested in motoring progress, it is just as essential to make an annual survey of cars in general as it is to keep track of one's favourite make in particular.

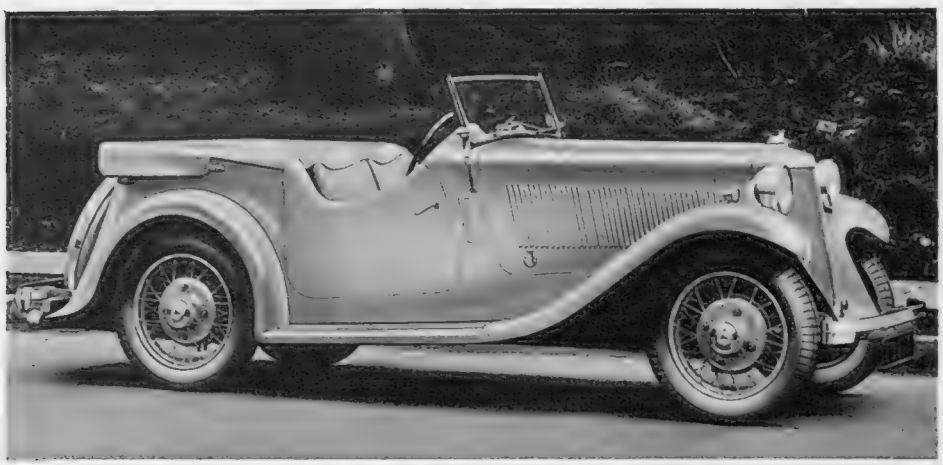
For example, it is of interest to know just how the motor industry is going to re-act to the reduction of horse-power tax. This is an important question, which I myself shall not like to answer with absolute assurance until I have been round the stands at Olympia. My impression, however, is that the reaction will not be very great. The larger cars will, no doubt, gain slightly in popularity; but I have seen little evidence of manufacturers deliberately building higher-powered models so as to take advantage of the tax reduction.

ON the whole, I fancy that the cars of about 12 h.p. will remain as popular as ever. Engines, as a whole, will be increased in efficiency rather than size, although slight increases in capacity are reported from several directions, notably in regard to "baby" cars. Side-valve engines will continue to find many supporters, in spite of the slightly greater power output of overhead-valve types. Sleeve-valve engines, on the other hand, will be mainly conspicuous by their absence. To many motorists, this may seem regrettable. Indeed, it means the passing of a landmark in automobile history.

Nowadays, gear-boxes probably claim more general attention than engines. After remaining unchanged for a great many years, the gear-box now finds itself evolving much more rapidly than

*The 1935 Hillman six-cylinder model, showing a new, modernistic appearance. The radiator is now cellulosed to match the body colour, with a smart chromium-plated grill in front. The picture shows one of the "Twenty-70" (21 h.p.) saloons de luxe*

*The six-cylinder Humber car for 1935, which carries on the tradition for which this make has long been famed. Above is one of the latest "Snipe" sports saloons, which combine good looks with noteworthy road performances. In the background is Kenilworth Castle*



*That very smart-looking car, an Armstrong-Siddeley 12-h.p. sports tourer, which is as good as it looks. Visitors to Olympia will find in the Machinery in Motion Section a motor-driven, full-actioned Siddeley special engine and an interesting model of their self-changing gear*

## "BYSTANDER" MOTOR SHOW SECTION *(continued)*

any other chassis component. It is continually becoming more silent, more simple; more nearly an automatic unit.

The modern gear-box generally belongs to one of several main types. It may be an ordinary box, assisted by a "free wheel" device. It may contain two or three synchro-mesh ratios. It may combine synchro-mesh with free-wheeling. It may be an epicyclic gear-box, of the modern pre-selective variety. If so, it may be aided by a "fluid flywheel" or hydraulic clutch. There are even cases where synchro-mesh gears, a free-wheel and an automatic clutch-operating device are all found in combination.

It is interesting, out of all these possible transmission systems, to see if one can "pick the winner"; in other words, to attempt to forecast the particular system which will eventually secure general adoption. At the moment, I suppose that the odds are slightly in favour of synchro-mesh gearing, which many firms are applying to second, as well as to third and top gears. The popularity of free-wheeling is difficult to estimate. Pre-selective gears, however, with or without the fluid flywheel, have a great many staunch supporters.

I DO not imagine that many novelties will be seen in regard to steering gears or springing systems. Front wheels will be independently sprung in a few instances; but this will not be common. None the less, it is possible that independent suspension of the front wheels may be adopted on a wider scale in the near future.

Braking systems will show a majority in favour of the "servo" method of brake operation. Hydraulic brakes will be employed by a number of makers, and these will be notable for their smoothness and steadiness of operation. There have, however, been recent great improvements in "servo" braking, so that such docility can no longer be regarded as a monopoly of the hydraulic principle.

In the matter of coachwork, there will be much that is interesting to study. On most stands, one or more bodies will be seen of pronouncedly streamline type. It is not easy to foretell what degree of popularity such coachwork will enjoy. There is an obvious danger that, in some cases, back-seat comfort may be sacrificed to mere sporting appearance; and hence many purchasers may feel disposed to "play safe," and to choose bodies built on comfortable and more conventional lines.

In any event, it is safe to say that perfect streamlining will never be achieved so long as cars are built with their engines in front. One of two things, therefore, is likely to happen in the future. Either engines will be kept where they are, and streamline forms will remain imperfect, or else streamlining will become all-important, and engines will be located at the rear end of the chassis.

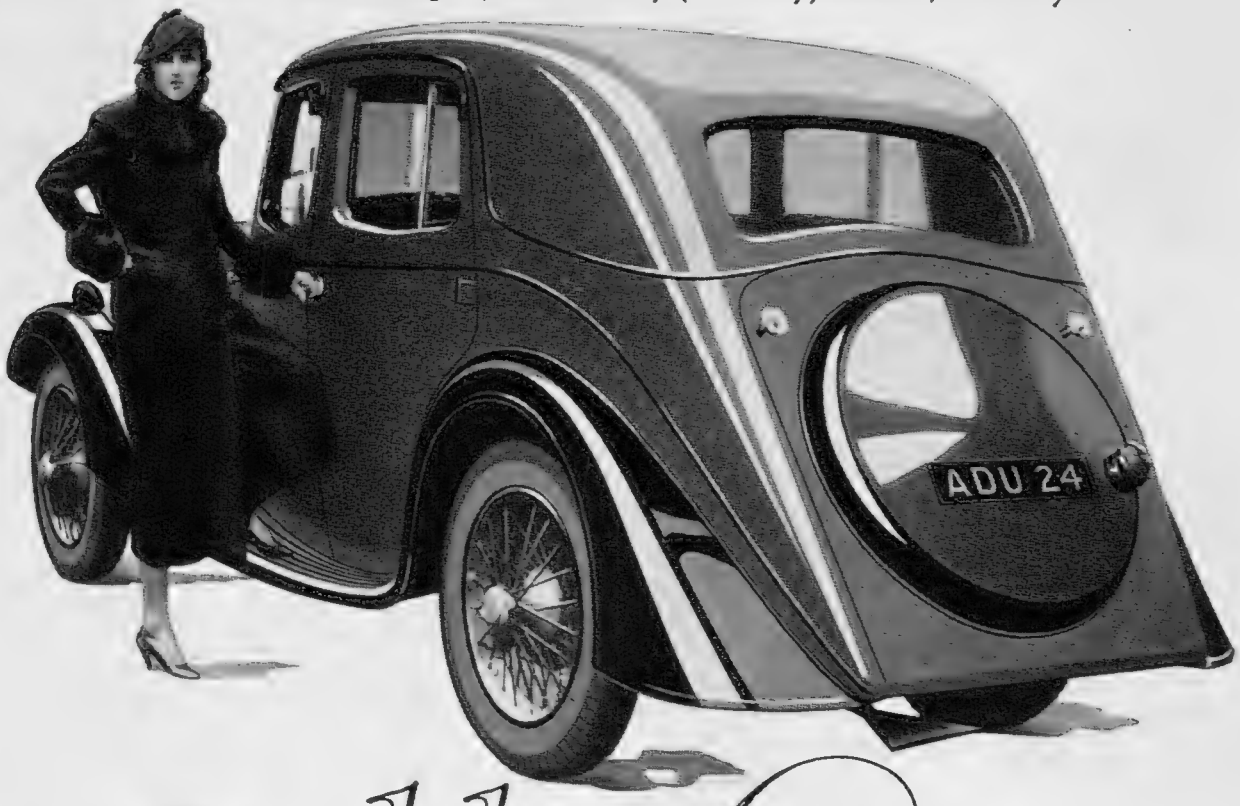
The visitor to Olympia will be able to find many such problems on which

(*Continued on page* 94)

*The Riley 1½-litre four-cylinder "Falcon" saloon. On the Riley stand at Olympia will be found nine cars representing four different types of chassis. The world-famous "Nine" for the coming season will be standardised in special series form, with the two-carburettor engine and pre-selectagear transmission as items of normal specification*

# THIS *is where an* ADVERTISEMENT *becomes* News

The first new Riley for over four years! A car that will give you a new thrill—a new experience. At any speed from 0 to 70 m.p.h., the Riley 1½ litre behaves better than any other car. Built for the new road conditions, its amazing acceleration and its equally amazing stopping power (in under 30 feet from 30 m.p.h.) are new assets in motoring. Its rock steadiness—a result of air-liner chassis bracing, aero-line design, down-swept frame, inter-axle seating—is a revelation. Falcon Aero-lined Saloon, £335. Kestrel Aero-lined Saloon, £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.




AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

# 1½ Litre

THIS SEASON'S BIG EVENT

*Above: new "Hooper" Sedanca on 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. Seating three persons on back seat and two (including driver) on front seat. Leather extension over driving seat for wet weather*

*Right: the 1935 Vauxhall "Big Six" Wingham convertible cabriolet. Coachwork by Martin Walter—£395. Thanks to the patent self-acting head, this car can be converted from a saloon to tourer at a touch*

to exercise his faculties of speculation. Car design is not a fixed and finished thing: every year it develops and changes. This year's modifications may not be startling in themselves; but they are of real significance if one cares to consider whither they may lead us.

## Among the New Models

IT is obviously not possible, unless one intends to produce a fair-sized book, to deal with more than a fraction of the five or six hundred different exhibits which are on view at Olympia during the Motor Show. Well over fifty different makes of cars are being displayed, apart from the coachwork, tyre and accessory sections. One can only touch the fringe of a vast subject, and indicate a few Stands which ought definitely to be included in any representative tour of the Show.

I imagine that few people, even among those with 7-h.p. bank balances, will omit to study the Rolls-Royce exhibit on Stand No. 116. Examples will be shown of the 25-h.p. and 40-50-h.p. cars, including the very impressive Continental Touring model. The latter car will exemplify the Rolls-Royce principle of making gradual, progressive improvements. In its latest form, a slight chassis modification will have the effect of making the seating arrangements considerably better and even more comfortable than formerly.

A VISIT to the Bentley Stand, No. 91, will likewise be difficult to resist. Only very minor modifications have been made to the Bentley for 1935. This is natural enough; for, when a car can lap the Ards Circuit, near Belfast, at a lap speed of more than 81 m.p.h., one may reasonably conclude that there is not much wrong with it! Three coachwork styles will be exhibited, including a very graceful open touring model.

ON the Humber Stand, No. 112, examples of the popular "Twelve," "16-60," "Snipe," and "Pullman" models will be shown. Greatest interest will no doubt centre about the new edition of the 12-h.p. car. The latter will be notable for its synchro-mesh gear-box, in which the synchronising mechanism will be applied to all four gear ratios. A considerably streamlined appearance will be achieved, without, however, prejudicing the comfort of the back seats. A saloon model will sell at £285.

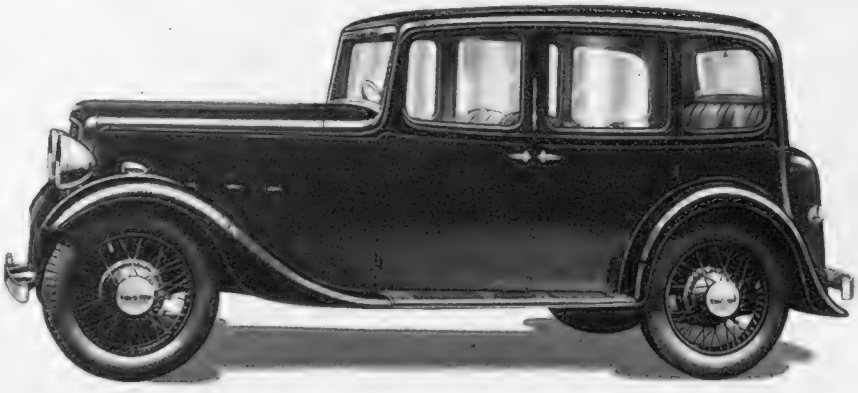
A FULL range of Armstrong-Siddeley cars will be shown on Stand No. 128. These will include the 12-h.p., 15-h.p., 20-h.p., and Siddeley Special models. All these cars, needless to say, will be fitted with the epicyclic pre-selective form of gear-box, which was originally introduced by Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley no less than six years ago. It is safe to prophesy that the 12-h.p. model, in particular, will prove more successful than ever, the sports coupé being now available at the very reasonable figure of £275 complete.

ON Stand No. 118, Riley cars will, as usual, make an attractive display. An interesting new car—the 1½-litre four-cylinder model—will be shown for the first time. The newcomer will, in design, be largely similar to the ever-popular 9-h.p. car; but, of course, being a size larger (the engine is rated at 12 h.p.), greater passenger accommodation will be available, in addition to superior road performance. The Riley "Nine" remains unchanged; but the larger six-cylinder Riley now has its engine increased in size from 13·5 to 15 h.p. The price of this "six" remains unaffected; and the prices of certain other models have lately been substantially reduced.

THE Rover Company, on Stand No. 103, is showing examples of 10-, 12- and 14-h.p. cars, in addition to the powerful "Speed Twenty" model. The 10- and 12-h.p. cars have very smooth-running four-cylinder engines, whereas the 14-h.p. car is a "six." All models are fitted with a free-wheel, giving easy and silent clutch-less gear-changing. There are many other attractive features, including a system of easy jacking devices. This year the Rover "Ten" is being built as a saloon only, in which form it is moderately priced at £248.

THE Hillman programme, displayed on Stand No. 124, will consist

(*Continued on page 96*)



*The Austin Light-Twelve "Ascot" Saloon, the coachwork of which has attractive lines and is roomy, with plenty of head clearance. The "Ascot" is supplied with the choice of three engines, the 15·9 or 13·9 h.p. six-cylinder or 11·9 h.p. four-cylinder unit*

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**STAND · 108**

Marine Engines in Marine Section Stand 182

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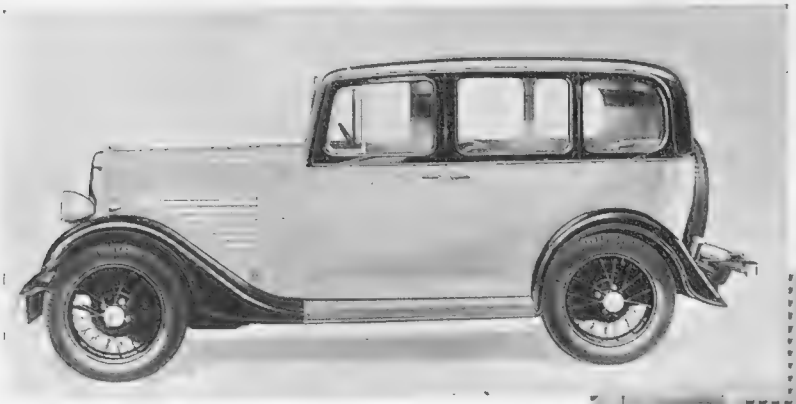
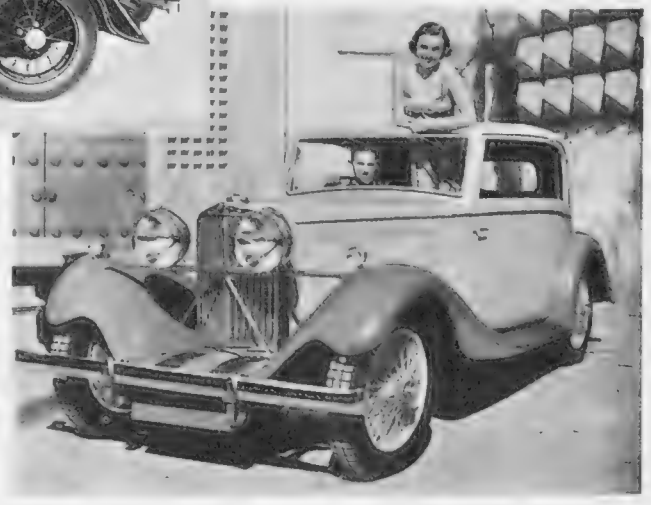


*Left: the B.S.A. "Ten" six-light saloon model 105, one of the two new types which are on view at Stand 110 at Olympia*

*Below: Captain English, general manager of Pass and Joyce, the well-known Talbot distributors, with Miss Joan Gardner in one of the latest models fitted with sunshine body*



of the new 10-h.p. "Minx" and two larger six-cylinder cars. The two latter, known as the "Sixteen" and "Twenty-70" models, will be similar in general design; but the "Twenty-70" will be notable for its ability to carry seven-seater coachwork of the most luxurious type, and this at an exceptionally low price. The new "Minx" will have a specially efficient form of springing, and also the attraction of a new gear-box, in which all four of the gear ratios will have synchro-mesh engagement.

THE Vauxhall Stand, No. 101, is sure to be well worthy of a visit. The new "Light Six" will be a centre of attention; more I must not say. The "Big Six" also will be shown, representing exceptional value for money in the 20-h.p. class. An important development is that this chassis can now be supplied with a highly efficient all-weather body, known as the "Wingham" Cabriolet. This gives all the comfort of a saloon, but can be converted into an open tourer quite easily and without effort. This adaptable model is sold at only £395 complete.

A NUMBER of fine cars will be shown on the Alvis Stand, No. 96. There will be the impressive "Speed Twenty," with a new all-synchro-mesh gear-box, and with permanent jacks fitted at front and rear. There will be two 17-h.p. six-cylinder cars, known as the "Silver Eagle" and "Crested Eagle" models. Of these, the "Crested Eagle" will be somewhat the larger, and will have pre-selective instead of synchro-mesh gears. It will also have the 20-h.p. engine as an optional feature, and independent front-wheel springing. Finally, there will be the 13-h.p. four-cylinder "Firebird" model, again with all-synchro-mesh gearing.

*(Continued on page ii)*


ROLLS-ROYCE

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"The Rolls-Royce is a truly sympathetic car to handle, for there is great quietness and gentleness combined with power and speed. If a driver wants a quick answer he gets it without hesitation or harshness; if he wants to bring the car out of a turn under power there is no heeling or unpleasantness. If he wants to stop quickly the deceleration force is to be depended upon; if he wants to crawl silently there is no obstinacy or lack of sweetness."—*Times 11th Sept 1934*

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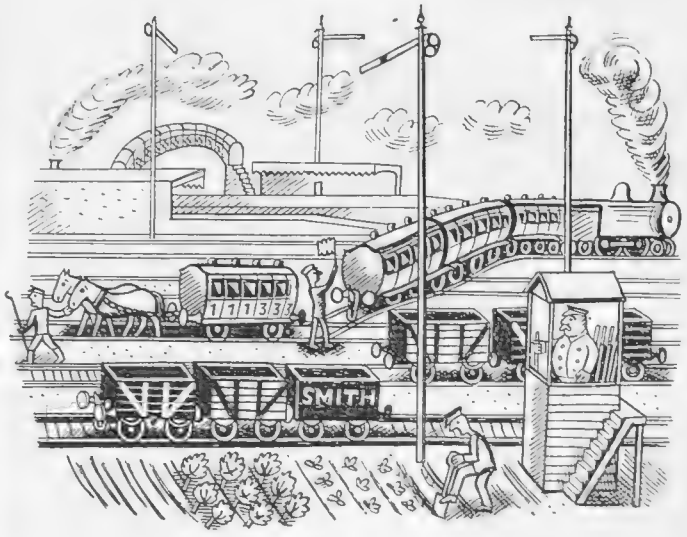


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*A 1935 Rover 12-h.p. Sports Saloon. These Rover cars, despite low horse-power, are capable of a performance usually associated with higher-powered cars*

A VERY interesting range of Talbots will be seen on Stand No. 112. All the known and popular existing models are continued, and there are two brand new models in addition. One of these is the 3½-litre "Airline" car, which will be larger and even more powerful than the Talbot "105." The other is known as the Luxury Limousine. This will seat seven passengers, and will provide the utmost comfort for those who require a fast car of generous dimensions. All models will, of course, have four-speed pre-selective gear-boxes.

ON the Austin Stand, No. 108, there is so much to see that it is hardly possible to deal with all the various models individually. No fewer than seven different chassis are being manufactured, with engines of eight different sizes. Four of these engines are "sixes," and the remainder of four-cylinder design. Prices range from £100 for the 7-h.p. two-seater to £650 for the "Twenty" Mayfair Limousine.

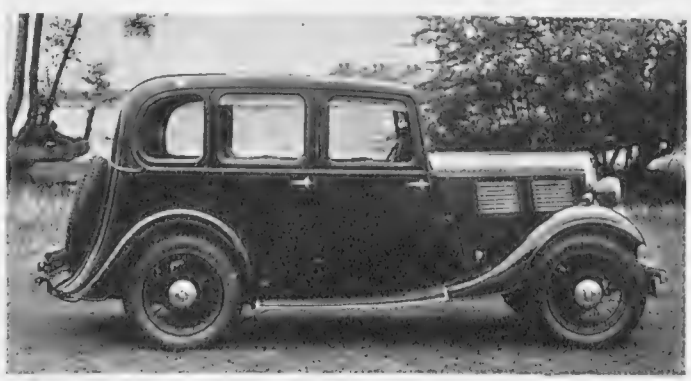
Interesting new features include the improved synchro-mesh gear-box, which now gives simplified gear-changing for second, as well as for third and top gears. All new Austins, moreover, have a new type of radiator shell. This will at first strike an unexpected note; but it will certainly not long remain unfamiliar!

ON the Morris Stand again, No. 109, we shall see a great diversity of models. The 1935 Morris cars fall into eight main types, with nine different engine sizes. The new "Oxford" is available with either a 16-h.p. or a 20-h.p. six-cylinder engine.

Probably the smallest Morris is destined to capture most of the limelight. This is the new "Eight," which is the successor to the familiar Morris Minor. Its 8-h.p. engine gives it considerable extra power, and it is altogether a larger and more substantial car than its predecessor. It has a three-speed gear-box, with synchro-mesh second and top gears, and a saloon model sells at £120.

AMONG the Daimler exhibits, on Stand No. 138, greatest interest will possibly be attracted to the new "15" model. This is a high-quality car of medium size and power, having a 15-h.p. six-cylinder overhead-valve engine. The celebrated Daimler system of transmission is, of course, employed. This consists of a four-speed pre-selective gear-box, in conjunction with a "fluid flywheel," and the effect is to ensure a unique

(*Continued on page* iv)



*The Standard Four-door "Nine," upholstered in leather cloth of the best quality, fitted with Triplex toughened glass, rear window-blind, concealed illuminated Trafficators, petrol gauge, speedometer, Lucas horn, dash ventilators, stop light, inside driving mirror, and bumpers front and rear*

"MUCH of the noise of our cities was avoidable. It was in the power of motor-car designers to evolve an almost completely silent internal combustion engine." *From an address by Sir H. McGowan before the Society of Chemical Industry*

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"As the designers of the Bentley have effectively demonstrated, quiet operation of internal combustion engines, even in sports models, is by no means incompatible with high efficiency.
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*Daily Telegraph, June 8th, 1934*

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# THE NEW RENAULT 'AIRSPORT'

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**Built for high performance and outstanding acceleration with extreme economy and ease of handling, the Airsport has full four-seater coachwork of similar design to the successful "Airline" saloon. Styled for the Bond Streets of the world, sprung for the roughest by-way, and powered for the great international highways—economical and durable—in short, the car for YOU . . . THE RENAULT "AIRSPORT."**

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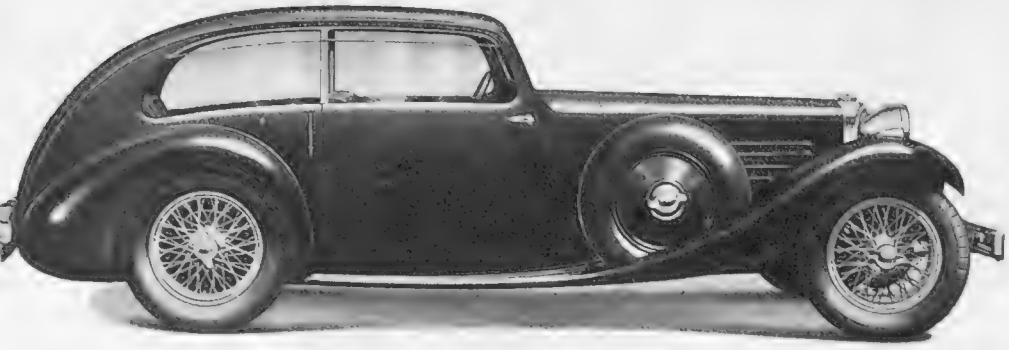
CVS—103



*Exhibited on Stand 140 at Olympia, the S.S.1 Airline Saloon, a new streamline model. This is a full four-seater saloon, mounted on the S.S.1 chassis, with the option of a 16- or 20-h.p. engine*

degree of flexibility. A saloon model sells at £450.

This same Daimler transmission is likewise fitted to the Lanchesters (Stand No. 121), and to the B.S.A. models on Stand No. 110. The Lanchester "18" has been re-designed for 1935. The new engine is exceptionally silent, and is built with a cylinder block having an integral head. The popular 10-h.p. Lanchester is continued, and there is a new "Light Six" of 12-h.p., which sounds exceedingly attractive. There is also a new 12-h.p. six-cylinder B.S.A., in addition to the familiar 10-h.p. "four."

ONE interesting car, unfortunately, will not be seen at Olympia. This is the new 10-h.p. Ford, which was recently announced, and at once attracted a great deal of attention. The Ford Motor Company prefers to hold its own Show, and the London public will be given an opportunity to see the latest models, at the Albert Hall, London, at the same time as the Olympia Show—from October 11th to October 20th.

OF course, it is not only the new cars which make the Olympia Show worth seeing. There is a great deal to be studied in the Coachwork Section; and one may safely say that there will be no coachwork Stand more popular than that of Messrs. Hooper and Co. As is well known, Hooper coachwork is very generally fitted to all the largest and most luxurious chassis. There is one Hooper body—an imposing Pullman Limousine—to be seen on the Rolls Royce Stand; but, naturally, a much greater variety of coachwork styles is in evidence on the Hooper Stand itself, which is No. 20.

A VERY interesting display of a different sort will be seen on the Dunlop Stand, No. 444. Examples of the well-known Dunlop Fort, Dunlop Standard and Dunlop Clipper tyres will be shown, and the two former will be seen in what is known as the "90" pattern. This combination gives a tyre of very sturdy construction, long life, and good road-holding properties.

There are three other Dunlop Stands, showing garage equipment, wheels, and the new Latex upholstery. The latter is of great interest, and consists of seat cushions filled with Dunlopillo cushioning material. The result is a light and porous form of seating which gives great comfort and lasts almost indefinitely. It may be seen on Stand No. 291.

*A rear view of the Crossley Ten "Regis" Saloon, showing the perfectly designed back, luggage-boot, and covered spare wheel. As will be seen, this car is built on the most attractive lines and reveals both stability and smartness*

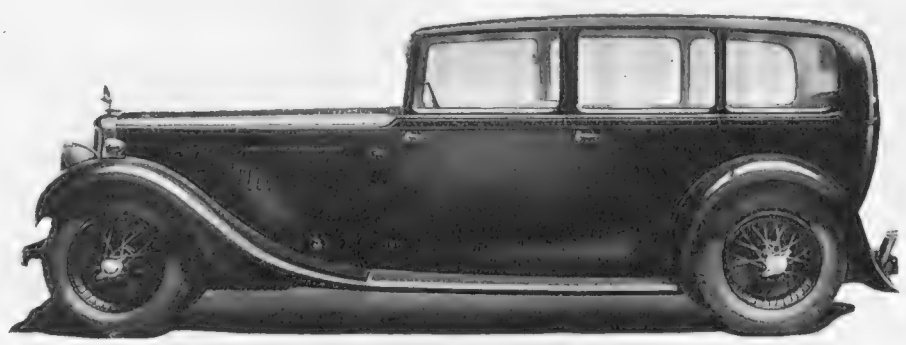
TURNING from tyres to lubrication, the Wakefield Stand, No. 482, should not be missed. Here one may see displayed an example of the Castrol Lubrequipment service in actual operation. Motorists will have the opportunity of seeing—if they are not already aware of it—how thorough and valuable is the attention which their cars will receive if taken to any one of the chain of 2653 Castrol Lubrequipment service stations.

ANY amount of information, both as regards petrol and oil, will be available on Stand No. 50. Here several experts of the Anglo-American Oil Company will be on duty, ready to give scientific guidance to private motorists on any point connected with fuelling or lubrication. There is an immense amount to be learned in this connection: indeed, it is astonishing that the average man is generally content to be so ignorant about such important subjects.

As is well known, the Anglo-American people are responsible for Pratts' petrol, and were the first to introduce Ethyl as an ingredient of ordinary fuel. Pratts' Ethyl petrol is now a most popular brand; and the same may be said of Essolube oil, which is sold by the same firm, under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness, in sealed glass containers.

STAND No. 48 is another which demands a visit. It is here that Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P. will be showing examples of petrol and oil, and giving most interesting information as to how their special brands are produced. Shell petrol is world-famous, and B.P. spirit hardly less so, while the Shell and Aeroshell oils have a very high reputation. It should be well worth hearing something about their origins and processes of manufacture.

CARDIGAN.



*The Alvis "Crested Eagle" Limousine. All models incorporate the well-known Wilson pre-selective self-changing gear-box*

# DRINKING DRESSES!

*For pre- and post-dinner drinking parties the smart Londoner is wearing a new type of ensemble .... the drinking dress — topped by an audaciously chic hat. Nicolls are making both dresses and suits in black velveteen, with matching hats. Here the suit has corded edges to exaggerate the flares and still more cords on the collar and the witty cap. The dress has dolman sleeves and a high neckband, but a slit runs to the waist in front and a cut-out triangle bares most of the back. The hat (which like the cap, costs a guinea) is just an excuse for showing off your profile.*

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by

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## Sport with the Lid Off

*(Continued from page 73)*

Truth is, of course, the Welsh eleven sadly missed the genius of Astley, the Aston Villa forward. Astley, one of the best forwards in the four countries, would have taken more than one chance which went begging when the Welsh attack got really into its stride. Still, the Villa kept their player—and beat Preston North End—and helped in the defeat of gallant little Wales.

The lessons of this Welsh match are not to be found on the field. Rather are they to be learned in the pre-match anxiety which the Welsh selectors had over team-building. The champion country had to go, cap in hand, to the Football League clubs begging—"begging" is the only word—for the release of players. To complicate the situation, the Football Association blithely picked certain men to act as reserves for England from clubs Wales had approached for players! The result was inevitable: the clubs told Wales that, weakened by England calls, they could not see their way to be without yet more men in vital League games.

The difficulty was smoothed out in the case of certain players with Tottenham Hotspur, but it was only after a last-minute change of front by the Football Association, together with a generous gesture by the London club. That sort of thing isn't good enough, and if International matches are to be saved from the burning, the various national Associations will have to decide on a clear-cut policy. I would not envy their task, however. Should they decide to make it compulsory for League clubs to release all men needed for International games, then we should probably see open rebellion among club officials. After all, as they argue, they secure players at big fees to figure in League games—not to turn out for their countries!

It is all very difficult. Perhaps the only solution is to play Internationals in mid-week—unsatisfactory to the four national Associations, but amenable to the League clubs, who, after all, hold the whip hand in the matter.

*Championship Competitors*

*Above: Miss Kathleen Garnham driving from the 8th at Seacroft, Skegness, in the English Women's Close Golf Championship. Right: Miss Mervyn Barton driving from the 4th in the same event*

I SHOULD like, in conclusion, to draw my readers' attention to a boxing tournament which is to take place at the Stadium Club, Holborn, on Thursday, October 25th, in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital, Earl's Court. H.R.H. Prince George has promised to be present, and the Earl of Lonsdale will act as host. Captain Bertram Mills, who is organising the tournament in conjunction with a committee of well-known sportsmen, assures me that a notable programme of events is in preparation.

## The Editor's Box: Winter Tours in India

With the coming of more settled conditions, this winter should see a great increase in the number of visitors to India, for it is then that the climate is at its best. Two well-known tourist agencies, Thos. Cook and Son, and the American Express Co., with the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company and the Indian State Railways, have combined in an effort to produce a programme of attractive tours which will enable the traveller to see as much of India as possible within the time of his stay there.

Parties will leave London in November and December by P. and O. liners calling at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said, and Aden on the voyage to Bombay. Like many of the world's great ports, Bombay is a cosmopolitan city, and here, at the Gateway of India, the visitor will see jostling each other in the streets representatives of half the races of mankind.

From Bombay the party proceeds either to Gwalior or Mount Abu, and then on to Agra, which, of all India's romantic cities, must surely come first, for it contains that perfect achievement, the Taj Mahal. Next comes Jaipur, the magic pink city of Rajputana. Then to Delhi, the capital city of all India.

After Delhi the party will leave for Lahore, whence an excursion will be made to Amritsar, famous for its Golden Temple. Lahore itself offers many reminiscences of the Moghul Dynasty when it was a royal city. Thence to the Khyber Pass. This great natural highway through the almost impregnable mountain barrier of the North-West frontier is rich in historical association, and has from time immemorial been the route by which conquering hosts have passed into India.

Then the party returns to Lucknow, whose interest is intensified by its connection with the Mutiny. Next will come Benares, reputed to be the oldest city in India and one of the most holy.

After two days' stay, the party proceeds to Calcutta, the second city of the British Empire. Its public buildings, the Indian Museum, the Fort, the Jain Temple, the Hindu bathing-ghats along the river-front, are all a never-ending source of pleasure and wonder to the traveller. The Botanical Gardens contain the largest banyan-tree in the world, with a circumference of 900 feet. From Calcutta a trip will be made to Darjeeling, the hill-station at the foot of the Himalayas, with its wonderful panorama of surrounding mountain ranges. Other tours enable the visitor to see Mount Abu, Udaipur, city of palaces, Jaipur, Cawnpore, or, if time can be spared, southern India and Ceylon, returning from Colombo.

*Mrs. Valentine Fleming and her daughter, Mr. Cecil Roberts, Signor Riccardo Nobili, the Tuscan painter, and his wife, in front of the charming Venetian home of the Nobilis on Fondamento San Trovaso*

*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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# What's On



## The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## THE THEATRE

### Plays

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.—The Open-Air Theatre cast, plus Oscar Asche as the Emperor; also a Molière farce, *Love is the Best Doctor*: Winter Garden, 8.30 Tues. Sat., 2.30.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Mary Newcombe as Cleopatra, Wilfrid Lawson as Antony, Maurice Evans, Nancy Hornsby, Abraham Sofaer: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU DESIRE ME.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—Walter Hackett's new comedy with Marion Lorne, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE LIFE THAT I GAVE THEE.—Nancy Price and Peggy Ashcroft in the Pirandello play: Little, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.: Old Vic, from October 15th.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE.—A Charlot revue, with June, John Tilley, Douglas Byng, Walter Crisham, Edward Cooper, Doris Hare: Comedy.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third Year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Beryl Beresford, and Milne and West. Non-stop 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A new version of this light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast: Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy; Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Wyndham's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin: Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHO 'S WHO.—Peter Haddon is the Earl and Lilian Bond is Polly Brown in this Wodehouse comedy; Violet Vanbrugh, Laurence Grossmith, Enid Stamp-Taylor are in it too: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

## CINEMAS

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

THE GREAT DEFENDER.—With Matheson Lang and Margaret Bannerman. And MANHATTAN LOVE SONG: Capitol.

HAVE A HEART.—Jean Parker and James Dunn are in this comedy. Also GAY LOVE, with Sophie Tucker and Florence Desmond: Empire.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

JEW SÜSS.—A great film superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli.

DR. MABUSE.—Fritz Lang's great hypnotist-villain reappears in a superbly produced thriller: Academy.

MY SONG FOR YOU.—Another opera-singer hero. Jan Kiepura; Sonnie Hale is his manager, Aileen Marson the girl-friend: New Gallery.

NELL GWYN.—Anna Neagle as Nell and Cedric Hardwicke as Charles II. in another and excellent historical film: Leicester Square.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG.—A melodrama, with Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh: Plaza.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another and excellent singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, as the Don, Benita Hume as his wife; Merle Oberon leads the galaxy of lovelies: London Pavilion.

THE SLUMP IS OVER.—Albert Préjean and Danielle Darrieux in a gay and amusing film, with catchy music: Curzon.

## SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries, from Oct. 11th.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW: Olympia, from Oct. 11th.

KENNEL CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW: Crystal Palace, Oct. 10th-11th.

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: Grosvenor House, to Oct. 13th.

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## OPERA AND BALLET

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MADAM BUTTERFLY: October 10th, 8.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE: October 11th, 8.

CARMEN: October 12th, 8.

FAUST, with full ballet: October 13th, 8.

*(Continued on page D)*

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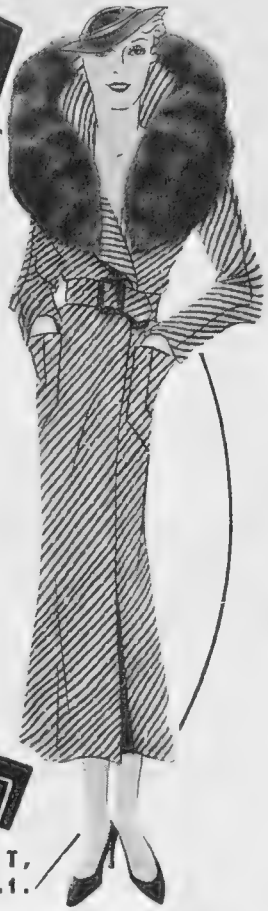

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# What's On *(Continued from page B)*

## MUSIC

### Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—George Szell conducts the London Philharmonic in a Gabrielli Suite, a Mozart Serenade, and Haydn's Symphony No. 13: Queen's Hall, Oct. 15th and 16th, 8.15.

### Recitals

VIENNA BOYS' CHOIR: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

FREDERICK GRINKE.—Violin recital with a modern programme: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

LAMOND.—Fourth and fifth Beethoven sonata recitals: Wigmore Hall, Oct. 10th, 8.15. Oct. 13th at 3.

VERA DE VILLIERS.—Song recital, accompanied in his own songs by Joseph Marx, the Viennese composer: Queen's Hall, Oct. 10th, 8.30.

GIGLI: Queen's Hall, Oct. 12th, 8.15.

EGON PETRIE.—Only recital this season; Bach-Busoni-Liszt programme: Wigmore Hall, Oct. 12th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS-JELLY D'ARANYI.—Bach-Beethoven recital: Queen's Hall, Oct. 13th, 3.

MARK HAMBOURG.—First of four piano recitals; variations and studies: Æolian Hall, Oct. 13th, 3.15.

## DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Myrtle Dillard Watkin: dances and sings; Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension night, Friday.

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GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—The Cuban Trio play and sing most attractively; Van Straten makes the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

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## SPORT

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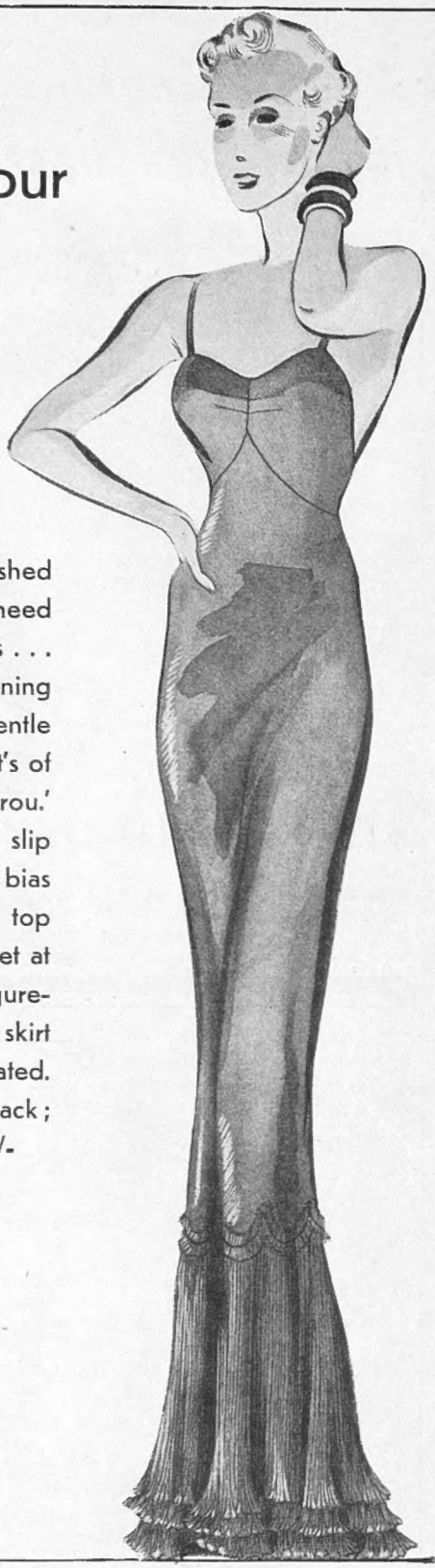

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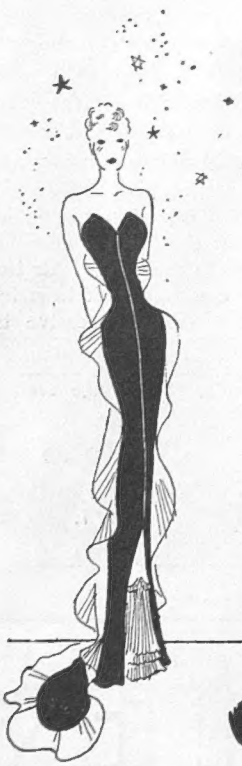

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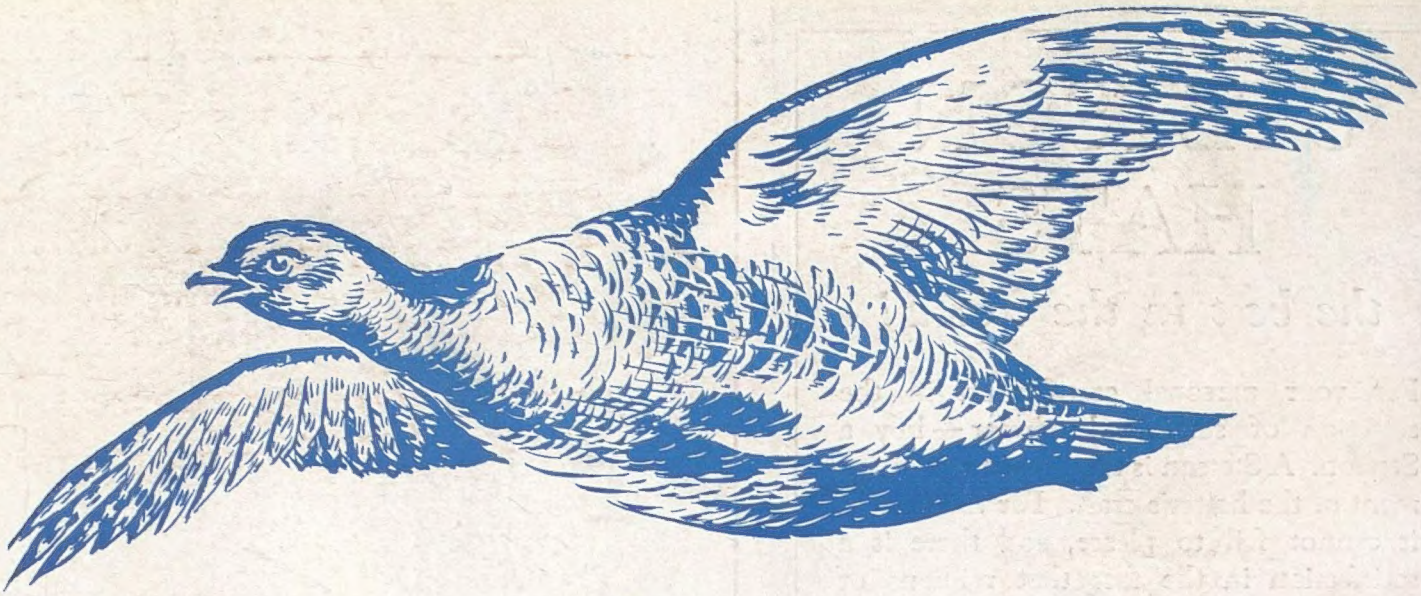

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